The Outlook

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CONGRESS IN SESSION

The first regular session of the Sixty-second Congress met last week, and it is evident that it has before it a long and important programme of discussion and legislation. The tariff, the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the currency question, Alaska and conservation, possible change in the Inter-State Commerce Law, employers' liability, pure food, Panama tolls —these are only a few of the subjects which need time and thought. With a strong Democratic majority in the lower house, a small Republican majority in the Senate, and a Republican President, the political balance is uncertain and the situation almost uniquely interesting. There is little doubt that the session will continue without adjournment until the summer brings the National party conventions. So far there is little to record in the way of Congressional action or sensation. A personal statement by Representative Martin W. Littleton, of New York, in reply to assertions that he was too intimate with steel interests to be a fair-minded member of the Stanley Investigating Committee, had significance not because of the man or the charges, but because it was the first recognition on the floor of Congress of a factional division among the Democrats. Among the new matters in the lower house was the introduction of a joint resolution demanding the termination of the treaty of 1832 between Russia and the United States—thus bringing into the field of Congressional discussion the Jewish passport question, of which we speak elsewhere. Two Messages from the President in one week are an unusual experience for Congress. On the larger and more important of these we comment at some length below and in an editorial. The second Message, read on Friday, dealt with foreign matters, and reiterated the arguments in favor of the treaties for international arbitration now pending with Great Britain and France, with which our readers are familiar. An interesting statement was that a new treaty with Russia is being negotiated which may make the suggested abrogation of the present treaty with that country unnecessary.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S TRUST MESSSAGE

Unlike almost all other annual Messages, President Taft's Message to Congress at the opening of the session last week is devoted to a single subject. It is officially entitled a "Message of the President of the United States on the Anti-Trust Statute." The other subjects concerning which he wishes to communicate his recommendations to Congress are to be treated in other Messages to appear from time to time. The President thus concentrates the attention of Congress and of the country upon one subject at a time; and he is wise in putting in the place of first importance the subject that has been uppermost in the mind of the American people recently—the relation of Government to business. In more than one respect this Message of President Taft reads less like the pronouncement of an Executive than the opinion of a judge. The words that he uses are the words of the legal profession. The approach that he makes to the subject is through comments upon judicial decisions and the explanation of judicial interpretation. The method that he follows is the judicial method of proceeding to a conclusion that would seem to grow out of precedent. He dwells at greatest length upon the legal aspect of the question. Nevertheless, through this process the President reaches a position that is distinctly not judicial but executive. In reading this Message one feels that Mr. Taft first allowed himself the enjoyment of discussing the question as a judge before taking up the duty of discussing it as a political leader. Starting from the Supreme Court opinion in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Cases, he points out the distinction between reading

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the word "reasonable" into the anti-trust law (so as to make it permit reasonable restraint of trade) and applying the law to specific cases in a reasonable way. This is what the Court did; it simply exercised reason in determining what constituted restraint of trade. In doing this, the Court, says the President, was doing only what courts have constantly done in applying the common law against monopoly. This is a point which The Outlook emphasized at the time the decision was rendered, and the distinction ought to be reiterated until it is clear in the popular mind. The President points out that the anti-trust statute, as it stands to-day, is really a matter of growth; that while it was not fully understood juries were averse to convict men criminally under it, and judges were averse to sentencing men under it; now that it is more fully understood, and men who violate it are more likely now to do so knowingly and deliberately, juries will be more ready to apply punishment.

THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE SHERMAN LAW

The President then explains the processes by which the statute was applied to the cases of the Oil Trust and the Tobacco Trust. With the outcome in these cases, particularly in the case of the Tobacco Trust, he expresses genuine satisfaction. He seems to believe that it is desirable to restore competition, and that the decree in the Tobacco Case will restore competition. These two sentences indicate his position:

> If we shall have by the decree defeated these purposes and restored competition between the large units into which capital and plant have been divided, we shall have accomplished the useful purpose of the statute. . . . I venture to say that not in the history of American law has a decree more effective for such a purpose been entered by a court than that against the Tobacco Trust.

He even goes further and declares that "those who speak of this disintegration in the trust as a mere change of garments have not given consideration to the inevitable working of the decree and understand little the personal danger of attempting to evade or set at naught the solemn injunction of a court . . ." The President clearly does not quite understand the basis of this criticism to which he refers. It does not lie in any thought that it will be possible for men to evade or disregard the decree even in its minutiæ, but in the conviction that the decree of the Court itself does not in the last analysis affect anything more than the outward and unessential form of the trust. With this conviction the President may, and evidently does, disagree; but he cites nothing except a reference to giving preferred stock as well as common stock voting power to show on what his view is based. From this decree of the Court the President draws the conclusion that the statute is now clear, and that under it trusts can be reorganized "without general business disturbance." He declares that the statute does not prohibit mere bigness, or even merely the elimination of competition. What it does prohibit is the combination that is made for the purpose of eliminating particular competition in order to control prices and create a monopoly. In answer to the complaint that the statute is not clear, because the combinations that have for years been regarded as innocent may some day be regarded by an Attorney-General as illegal, President Taft replies that when men make a stupendous combination so great as to suppress competition, control prices, and establish a monopoly, they know what their own purpose is; "for men do not do such things without having it clearly in mind," and they can hardly complain if the motive subsequently disclosed is "attributed by the Court to the original combination." This may be clear to a lawyer, though even to him we do not see how it can be clear; for if the elimination of competition is proof of the purpose to eliminate competition, and the purpose to eliminate competition is illegal, we do not see how any one who chances to eliminate competition in the course of ordinary business combination can be sure that he has not proved himself to be the violator of the statute; but, however it may be with lawyers, to business men this explanation of the Anti-Trust Law will bring no enlightenment.

NEW TRUST LEGISLATION

If this were all that the President had to say on the trust question, the Message would be hardly more than a supplementary judicial opinion. But the President has something more to say. He suggests, first, the enactment of a law which will *describe* and denounce unfair methods which are "badges of unlawful purpose." These unfair methods should be described so particularly that the Government could prosecute single acts rather than general conspiracies and so that the business world could

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know in advance what it should not do. In the second place, he suggests Federal incorporation under the control of an executive bureau or commission. The President renews the recommendation he made nearly two years ago for Federal incorporation. He supplements this, however, with new recommendations. He points out that in the Tobacco Case the Court had the advantage of an expert from the Bureau of Corporations in framing its decree, and he says that the experience in the Tobacco Case shows that the Court is not provided with suitable administrative machinery for the necessary inquiries preparatory to reorganization, and that the Court should be empowered to invoke the aid of the Bureau of Corporations. But he goes still further. He recommends that corporations which have been incorporated with Federal charters shall be subjected to rigid supervision by this "executive bureau or commission . . . to which in times of doubt they might well submit their proposed plans for future business." He recommends that this supervision extend to the issue of stocks and bonds and include "effective publicity." In the President's opinion such Federal incorporation should be voluntary. It would not secure immunity from prosecution, but it would afford such publicity and such opportunity for consultation between the corporation and the commission in charge that it would provide "as great security against successful prosecutions . . . as would be practical or wise." It would enable those corporations that wish to keep within the law to have legitimate protection; and it would put the corporations who fail to apply for a Federal charter under the suspicion of being unwilling to be supervised. On another page we discuss the principles involved in any legislation for administrative supervision of the trusts.

THE LOS ANGELES ELECTION

The Good Government party won a tremendous victory in Los Angeles last week. Mayor Alexander was re-elected by a majority of more than thirty thousand over his Socialist opponent, Mr. Job Harriman. While it is true that Mr. Harriman was of counsel for the McNamaras and that their dramatically sudden confession on the eve of election had a distinct anti-Socialist effect, yet there is little doubt that without this incident the defeat of the Socialist ticket would have been complete. Los Angeles is a notably active, stirring, advanced community, and the measures of reform and efficient administration put in force by the Mayor who has just been re-elected had the support of the reasonable reform element as well as of the conservative voters. Mayor Alexander in his campaign advocated extensive improvements and municipal ownership for public utilities, including, we believe, even bakeries, ice-plants, and laundries, but drew the line at the idea of Socialists administering these utilities, while he declared it would be impossible under Socialist rule to sell city bonds for the water supply, harbor, and street railway plans now projected. One singular result of this election will be the establishing of a municipal newspaper in which space will be assigned to political organizations for the presenting of their views. Immense interest was felt in the voting of women at this election, both as to the size of their total vote and its political trend. All agree that the women voted very generally—their leaders assert that at least ninety per cent of their registered vote was cast; the vast majority of the women's votes were in favor of the Good Government party and against Socialism. There was no rowdyism at the polls, and the women voters were everywhere treated courteously. One suffrage leader cast her first vote at the age of ninety-two. The women's vote was thrown against a drastic prohibitory measure, which was defeated, and in favor of the municipal newspaper.

MR. SETH LOW ON THE ARBITRATION TREATY

Mass-meetings are being held throughout the country for the purpose of urging the Senate to ratify the pending arbitration treaty. If such meetings confine themselves to a general declaration in favor of the principles involved in the treaty, their action is quite legitimate. But a mass-meeting is not fitted to pass upon the special treaty in its details. There are a large number of thoughtful citizens who agree with Mr. Seth Low in being heartily in favor of a general arbitration treaty, who may yet agree with him that this particular treaty requires amendment. In an open letter to the Citizens' National Committee, under whose auspices a meeting in New York City had been called for December 12, he thus indicates amendments which he thinks important:

My first objection to the treaties as they stand is that they are not clear. I have read

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carefully a great deal that has been written and said upon this subject, and I find great difference of opinion as to the meaning of Section 3, Article III, when read in connection with Article I, of the treaties. Some claim that under Article I, which imposes upon each government the duty of agreeing on the terms of the arbitration, either government can honorably disagree on these terms even after the Joint High Commission by the specified vote has reported that the subject-matter of the dispute is justiciable. If they can so disagree, honorably, is it not clear that Section 3 of Article III is only advisory in fact, however compelling in form? Others claim, however, that the countries cannot honorably disagree on the details, if the Joint High Commission has reported by the specified vote that the subject-matter of the dispute is justiciable. This is a very regrettable disagreement as to the effect of the vital clause of the treaty, vital, at least, in the sense that it is the only clause as to which there is any difference of opinion. It would be a pity to adopt such a treaty in a form that would necessitate the submission of the treaty itself to the Hague Tribunal for interpretation.

My second objection to the treaties as they stand is that this Section 3 of Article III seems to me to relieve both the President and the Senate of the duty which the Constitution has laid upon them, of determining themselves, in a given case, whether this country shall arbitrate or not. On the Constitutional point involved I know that authorities differ. But, practically, is it wise even if it be Constitutional? Responsible government, as distinguished from irresponsible, seems to me to demand that in this country, at any rate, such a decision should be made, actively and directly, by the officials elected to perform precisely that function. I think, however, that great and unusual weight should be given to the report of a Joint High Commission submitted by the impressive vote indicated in Section 3, Article III, of the pending treaties. I venture to propose, therefore, that this section be amended by providing that the finding of the Joint High Commission be binding unless it be disagreed to by formal action on the part of one country or the other. This would prevent the defeat of the finding by inaction, or by obstruction, and the finding would stand except in the unusual case in which one country or the other solemnly sets it aside. Either country doing this in the presence of such a report based on thorough and impartial inquiry would have to satisfy the consciences of its own people and of civilized mankind. Neither country would set aside such a finding except in the rare cases in which the public sentiment of the home land demanded it. If the public sentiment of either country were so strong as to lead its responsible government to decline to accept a finding so impressively made, do you not think that the same public sentiment in such an event would lead to a declination to be bound, treaty or no treaty? In every other respect the pending treaties seem to me admirable, and I favor them without reserve.

That it is Constitutional for the Senate to delegate to a Joint High Commission the power to determine in any specific case whether the claim presented comes within the terms of the treaty The Outlook, after a careful independent investigation of authorities, has no doubt. Dean Rogers, of the Yale Law School, in an address last week at Yale University, pointed out the fact that such lawyers as Mr. Taft, Mr. Root, Mr. Knox, Mr. Choate, ex-Senator Edmunds, Chief Justice Knowlton of Massachusetts, and Governor Baldwin, the ex-Chief Justice of Connecticut, have all agreed in affirming the Constitutionality of such a delegation. Whether it is expedient is another question. But it is almost certain that the amendment which Mr. Low suggests would remove the principal objection to the treaty in the Senate, and would leave the treaty practically as effective as it is in its present form. It is to be hoped that resolutions adopted at so-called peace meetings will be general in their terms, and will not attempt to exclude amendments. If they do, they will be apt to defeat their purpose, which is to influence the Senate's action.

SHALL WE ABROGATE THE TREATY WITH RUSSIA?

The question of the Russian treaty has been heretofore explained to our readers, but, as it is likely to assume an acute stage at this session of Congress, we here restate it. In 1832 a general commercial treaty was negotiated between the United States and Russia which contained the following clause:

> There shall be between the territories of the high contracting parties a reciprocal liberty of commerce and navigation. The inhabitants of their respective States shall mutually have liberty to enter the ports, places, and rivers of the territories of each party wherever foreign commerce is permitted. They shall be at liberty to sojourn and reside in all parts whatsoever of said territories in order to attend to their affairs, and they shall enjoy, to that effect, the same security and protection as natives of the country wherein they reside on condition of their submitting to the laws and ordinances there prevailing, and particularly to the regulations in force concerning commerce.

For forty years after this treaty was signed no question arose under it; any citizen of the United States who was accredited by a passport issued by our Government was permitted to enjoy the rights defined by this treaty. Then a change took place, and now for nearly forty years Russia has refused to recognize passports issued by our State Department when presented by Jews, Roman

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Catholic priests, or Protestant missionaries. Under successive administrations, Democratic and Republican, this discrimination has been protested against by our Government, but in vain. The discrimination still continues. Both American political parties in their political platforms have affirmed the duty of our Government to procure for all citizens, without distinction, the rights of travel and sojourn in foreign countries. Forty years appears to be as long a time as it is reasonable to wait for a satisfactory response. Patience has ceased to be a virtue. We cannot learn that there is any defense for Russia's action, unless it be the contention that this is a commercial treaty, and therefore should be construed to apply only to Americans going to Russia for commercial purposes. To most of our readers we are sure this will seem, as it does to us, a very strained construction. The treaty itself provides that it may be terminated at any time by either party on giving one year's notice to the other party. The proposition urged upon the Administration by the National Citizens' Committee, of which the Hon. Andrew D. White is President and Mr. William G. McAdoo is Chairman of the Executive Committee, is that it delay no longer, but give the required notice for the abrogation of the treaty.

A CHANCE TO SETTLE A "JUSTICIABLE" QUESTION

This course would be entirely justified if there were no other remedy. But it would be a serious step. It would sunder the present relations existing between Russia and the United States. It might not make them enemies, but they would cease to be friends. And, while it might *induce* Russia to reverse her action, it would not *compel* her to do so. Instead, she would be free to disregard all passports. Other serious commercial consequences might also result. Mr. Roosevelt has therefore proposed in the pages of The Outlook (October 14, 1911) an alternative step. This is to propose to Russia to submit to the Hague Tribunal the question as to the interpretation of the treaty. If the Hague Tribunal decided that the interpretation of the treaty which was maintained during the first forty years of its existence was the correct interpretation, Russia might yield and return to her former practice. If, on the contrary, the Hague Tribunal decided that Russia had a right under the treaty to refuse to recognize American passports when issued to Jews or to the ministers of either the Roman Catholic or of the Protestant churches, the United States would then be entirely justified in saying to Russia: We have stood by this treaty under a misapprehension. We have supposed that the earlier interpretation was the correct one. Now that the Hague Tribunal decides that it is not, we give the required notice to put an end to the treaty. Mr. Roosevelt proposed to submit to the Hague Tribunal the question, not whether Russia should permanently discriminate against Jews and Christian clergymen, but whether the treaty justified Russia in so doing. Very curiously, the moment it is proposed to apply the principle of general arbitration in a particular case the New York "Times," which has been an eloquent advocate of general arbitration treaties, protests. It says:

> We cannot submit the question to arbitration because we could not accept and abide by an adverse finding by the Tribunal. . . . Our right to resent this discrimination, and our disposition to resent it, would not be in the slightest degree diminished by the decision of any arbiter. The question therefore is not "justiciable;" and we could not in good faith submit it to the Hague Tribunal.

That is, no question is "justiciable" if there is good reason to believe that the American people would not accept the decision if it went against them. This is a curious definition of "justiciable;" one quite different from that furnished by the General Arbitration Treaty itself, which defines as justiciable any claim which is "susceptible of decision by the application of the principles of law or equity." If the interpretation of a treaty is not susceptible of decision by the principles of law or equity, it is difficult to conceive of any subject that is. The editorial in the "Times" lends unintentioned support to the contention of Mr. Roosevelt, with which The Outlook has not agreed, that a general arbitration treaty would fail of its purpose, because no question could be successfully arbitrated under it, if there was fair reason to doubt whether the people would accept an adverse decision from the court if the case went against the United States. We should like to see the Administration make a practical test of the principle of general arbitration by proposing to Russia to submit the question of the interpretation of the Russo-American treaty to the

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Hague Tribunal, and see what the two countries would say to the proposal.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

The most important event of the week in the Chinese revolution is the resignation or abdication of Prince Chun as Regent. He is the father of the child Emperor of China, and as Regent has been the practical Emperor. He is succeeded by two guardians of the Emperor, one a Manchu and one a Chinese. Nevertheless the real administration of Imperial affairs is left in the hands of General Yuan Shi-kai, who is both Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial army. The leader of the Revolutionists, who have captured Nanking, the ancient capital of China, and are preparing to move to Peking, the modern capital, is General Li Yuan-hung. Both General Yuan, the Imperialist, and General Li, the Revolutionist, are representatives of the new spirit in China. They have been friends and associates in the past, and there is now some hope that the Imperialists and the Revolutionists may arrange a *modus vivendi* or working agreement which will put an end to bloodshed. Apparently the immediate future of China rests in the hands of these two men. General Yuan is by nature and experience both a military and a political leader; General Li purely a military leader. The latter is a graduate of high standing of the Chinese Naval College at Peiyang. Perceiving that the Japanese possessed the best military schools and training in the Orient, he went to Japan and obtained the practical education of military life in the Japanese army. It is this that has given him his success as a military leader in the present revolution. The fundamental conflict in China to-day is the conflict between popular government and despotic autocracy; and that conflict has now been finally decided practically. Autocratic despotism can never again exist in China as it has in the past. The question that remains to be settled is a question regarding the form which popular government shall take. The extreme radicals in China are for an immediate republic; the conservatives for a constitutional monarchy. Political history almost universally shows that monarchy limited by constitutionalism must, in the development of any nation, precede a republic of a purely democratic form. It was so with the inhabitants of this country; it must be so, in our judgment, with the inhabitants of China.

PARLIAMENTARY PROGRESS IN CHINA

The great wave of democracy now sweeping over the world and leaving its marks in America, Ireland, England, and Germany, as well as in Portugal, Russia, Turkey, Persia, and Mexico, is not only an attempt for more representative political organization; it also presupposes a higher moral principle on the part of the several peoples. The movement includes China also. There is no question as to the desire of the Chinese for a non-alien and more representative government. But in order to have it there must be a higher morality among the people. There will be, in our opinion. As to actual representation of the people in Parliament, it will be remembered that before the present revolution broke out, local parliaments had been authorized by the Throne to meet in the various Chinese provinces, and in twenty-two of the provinces local parliaments did meet. What is more, they developed into astute guardians of provincial interests as against most of the provincial officials. This seemed a miracle; but it was speedily followed by another, when the National Assembly—composed of representatives from these provincial parliaments and of nominees by the Throne—met at Peking and blossomed into a body capable of coercing the Prince Regent, impeaching the Grand Council, compelling the institution of a modern Cabinet, electing the Prime Minister of that Cabinet and excluding all Manchu nobles from it, and, finally, forcing the Emperor to accept a constitution! Is there anything in contemporary history to equal this record? For the first time in China's age-long progress there is now a regularly constituted body between the Throne and the people. Nor is this all. Now that a new philosophy of life animates many Chinese leaders, we may expect that legislative body to expand rapidly. Certainly in such a body lies the hope of a reunited China. But, with this hope, the very radical Chinese are now demanding that their Parliament be elected by universal suffrage. This is going too fast. Whatever may be true of the leaders, not one in a thousand Chinamen could vote intelligently. The bulk of the people have little notion of what representative government is. A generation or two of education, we believe, must elapse before the least intelligent of the Chinese will be able to vote as understandingly as do the least intelligent Americans

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now—and we know that our people do not always vote with as much sense as they might.

JAPANESE-AMERICAN RELATIONS

Clark University, of Worcester, Massachusetts, is to be congratulated upon the success that has attended its efforts to promote the cause of international peace and bring about a better understanding between nations, by holding a series of annual conferences devoted to the encouragement of interracial justice and sympathy. There are no more potent causes of war than popular prejudice and unreasonable race antipathy; and every organized effort to remove these causes of misunderstanding and conflict should have the widest and heartiest support. The latest of the Clark University conferences, which closed in Worcester on the 25th of November, was devoted to "Japan and Japanese-American Relations," and it brought together some of the best-informed students of Oriental affairs in the United States, including both American friends of Japan and Japanese friends of America. Among the best known of the American speakers were Albert Bushnell Hart and George G. Wilson, of Harvard; George Trumbull Ladd and Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale; Garrett Droppers, of Williams; David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford; Alexander F. Chamberlain, of Clark; Edward S. Morse, William E. Griffis, George Kennan, and Frederick McCormick. Every one of these speakers has lived in Japan, and some of them have spent the greater part of a lifetime there. Among the Japanese who delivered addresses were such well-known representatives of Japanese culture as Inazo Nitobe, author of "Bushido," and first exchange professor from Japan to the United States; Professor Kan-Ichi Asakawa, of Yale; Toyokichi Iyenaga, of the University of Chicago, author of "The Constitutional Development of Japan;" R. Ichinomiya, manager of the New York branch of the Yokohama Specie Bank; Jokichi Takamine, President of the Nippon Club of New York; and Masujiro Honda, editor of the "Oriental Review." The papers read and addresses delivered covered a wide range of subjects, including the origin of the Japanese race, foreign influence in Japan, the Japanese in the United States, Japan as a colonizer, the progress of Japanese industry, Japan in southern Manchuria, the characteristics of the Japanese, Japanese diplomacy, the influence of the feudal system in modern Japan, Japanese-American relations, Japan and the Chinese revolution, medicine in Japan, the results of the Russo-Japanese War, and the secret of Japanese success. Some of these addresses and papers will appear in the "Journal of Race Development," a periodical published by Clark University and devoted to the promotion of interracial understanding and sympathy. If any criticism can be made of the conference, it is that it failed to bring out what may be called the opposition. It might have been well, perhaps, to give a hearing to a few of the anti-Japanese agitators and "war-scare" speakers, who have done so much to excite ill feeling between nations whose relations should be not only friendly but cordial. They would probably have been overwhelmed and crushed in debate, and their defeat might have given them some enlightenment and restrained, to some extent, their mischievous activity.

REDUCED CABLE RATES

Last year the telegraph companies instituted the night letter and the day letter at reduced rates. These innovations have proved, from the standpoint of the public, a pronounced success, and we do not believe that they have proved anything but successful from the standpoint of the companies. Last week the system of reduced rates was extended to the cable service between this country and Europe. Two varieties of reduced rates for the public are now in force, and a third will begin on January 1. The two new types of cable message are the cable letter and the week-end letter. The cable letter is sent with the understanding that it will be delivered not later than the second morning after it is filed at New York or Boston. It may be forwarded from the local telegraph office to the terminal at New York or Boston, either by mail or by wire, and will be delivered from the European terminal at London or Liverpool by either of the same methods. The rate for cable letters is a dollar and a half for twenty words, with thirty cents added for each additional five words. Week-end letters may be sent to reach New York or Boston up to midnight on Saturday for delivery at London or Liverpool on the following Tuesday morning. The rate for these letters is one dollar and a half for thirty words, with twenty-five cents added for

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each additional five words. The objection is raised to the week-end letter that it will increase Sunday work; and this should be considered in judging whether it is a social advantage or not. The present cable rate between Boston or New York and London or Liverpool is twenty-five cents a word. On January 1 a deferred cable service will be introduced for messages in plain language (not in cipher, that is) at half the regular rate, with the understanding that the messages are liable to be deferred for a period not exceeding twenty-four hours. Most of the new cable rates, as in the case of the new telegraphic rates, were first introduced by the Western Union Company, but, as in the former case, the example of that company was promptly followed by the other cable companies. The benefits which will accrue to the public from these improvements in the cable service are unquestioned. There is hardly more room for question that the companies will also find themselves benefited by the inevitable increase of business—business of a kind to be handled during the hours when their lines are now used the least.

MEN AND RELIGION

For several weeks a systematic campaign has been conducted in a number of American cities under the general title "The Men and Religion Forward Movement." It will continue throughout the winter. It involves something of the sounder kind of the evangelistic campaign, of the broader sort of social investigation, and of the active and practical type of church federation. Before this movement closes, campaigns will have been held in ninety cities of the United States and Canada. The men of these large cities are definitely pledged to carry out corresponding campaigns in auxiliary towns which now number about two thousand; and the men of these auxiliary towns are pledged, on their part, to take the work to the last countryside church in the land. The best way of getting an idea as to what this great campaign means may be from a description of the way the men engaged in it go to work in reference to a single city. The central point in each campaign is occupied by a series of meetings which last for a week. These meetings serve as the goal, on the one hand, for extensive and prolonged preparation, and, on the other hand, as a point of departure for activities that are intended to be permanent. In the city where these meetings are to be held a committee is organized, large enough to include men of diverse interests but all having a common faith in the power of religion to influence not only the character of the individual but also the character of the community. To this committee is sent a set of "survey blanks." On these blanks are printed certain topics on which information is required. The blank devoted to boys' work, for instance, is a large pamphlet of sixteen pages, in which there are forty questions concerning the schools attended by the boys of the city, seven questions concerning educational work by Protestant religious organizations, twenty-eight questions about library and extension work, thirty-nine questions on industrial conditions as affecting boys, classified under the four heads of shops and factories, stores and offices, street boys and messenger boys, and some eighty questions more concerning various aspects of recreation, juvenile delinquency, boys' clubs, and definite religious work for boys. This blank is only one of a number; others cover questions with regard to social service within and without the churches, Bible study, evangelism, etc. These questions are definite, like those on a census blank. To answer them requires definite study and investigation. The first thing, therefore, that the Men and Religion Forward Movement does for a city is to get men and churches together in a local organization; the second thing it does is to set them to work on a definite task of ascertaining facts. For a week the meetings are held under the direction of a group of experts sent out from general headquarters. This group is officially known as a "team," and it works not individually but together, according to a definite programme. One man devotes himself to what is called evangelism, another to what is called social service, another to what is called boys' work, etc. These men, however, work together; and it is a noteworthy fact that for the first time, so far as we know, in this country the attempt to revolutionize the lives of individual men through the power of religion applied to them personally has been based, not merely upon an emotional appeal, but upon, first, an intelligent study of the community in which those men live, and, second, upon the conviction that religion revolutionizes a man's life only as it enables him to render service to his neighbors and to his neighborhood. The

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meetings conducted by this "team" are some of them large assemblages for the public, and some of them small gatherings for groups of people devoted to particular objects. Out of these meetings—so it is expected—permanent results will be seen in the life of the city. The body of facts collected would alone repay for the effort expended; but it is already evident that in several cities the churches have received through this movement a new conception of their duty to the community in which they are placed, and a new understanding of the way in which to attack their problem.

THE ASSAULT ON THE GUARDIAN OF THE PEOPLE'S HEALTH

For sixteen years Dr. Alvah H. Doty has been Health Officer of the Port of New York. It is he that has stood as watchman to repel from this whole country the invasion of foreign disease. There is no community in this country, from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic, and from the Gulf to the Canadian border, that is not concerned in the work that this man has been doing. The mother who wishes her child to be protected against scarlet fever, the father who wants his household guarded against smallpox, the community that wishes to be defended against cholera, does not care whether this man is a Republican or a Democrat; but does care that this man shall have every chance and every possible support in keeping from the homes and the towns and the cities and the country districts of this country infectious pests. And yet this man's tenure of office depends upon the will of the Governor of New York State, and just now upon the judgment and discretion of Governor Dix. Last summer certain charges were brought against Dr. Doty, and to hear these charges Governor Dix sent to New York as Commissioner a man by the name of Charles N. Bulger. This Commissioner heard the charges and witnesses in support of it and gave to Dr. Doty the opportunity of having them cross-examined and of submitting testimony in rebuttal. So much of the so-called evidence was so preposterous, and many of the charges received so little serious support and were so evidently the product of either ignorance or prejudice or something worse, that there was general expectation that the charges would be dismissed. To the astonishment of all who had followed the case with care and intelligence, Commissioner Bulger has reported to the Governor in favor of the dismissal of Dr. Doty. In doing this he has had to disregard the testimony of such men as Dr. Simon Flexner, the head of the Rockefeller Institute, one of the great bacteriologists of the world, Dr. Abraham Jacobi, President of the American Medical Association and a recognized authority on children's diseases, and other witnesses of recognized character and standing. How preposterous the charges were may be inferred from the statement of the prosecuting lawyer, that he intended to show that children so sick as to be likely to die were taken out and exposed to the open air "to hasten their death." This abominable and incredibly reckless charge was based on the fact that children ill with pneumonia were given the recognized modern and efficacious open-air treatment for that disease. And yet Commissioner Bulger evidently regards this charge as something worthy of consideration. One of the grounds on which he bases his recommendation for Dr. Doty's dismissal was his management of the threatened cholera invasion last summer. Commissioner Bulger, who has no medical knowledge, and who seems to be incapable of understanding the simplest facts with regard to the behavior of different diseases, set his opinion up against medical experts, against even the splendid result of Dr. Doty's efforts which prevented the slightest nucleus of cholera from getting hold here in America. It is an almost incredible performance. On the administrative side of his duties Dr. Doty was subjected to the gravest of charges. One, for instance, was that he misapplied State funds, and the basis for this charge was, in part, an act which turned out to be one of generosity and wisdom on the part of Dr. Doty and his wife. That there are mistakes made in the course of inspecting a million immigrants each year is to be presumed; but an examination of the evidence leads one to be surprised, not at the mistakes made, but that the mistakes are so few. If the result of this investigation will be to lead the State of New York to furnish Dr. Doty with a better plant and larger means, it will have been productive of some good. We hope, however, that the people of the State will not be satisfied with this, but will demand through their Legislature an inquiry into the animus that lay behind these charges and this report.

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THE McNAMARA CASE

We give elsewhere an account from our own correspondent of the sudden and dramatic ending of the McNamara case in California. Two brothers were indicted, one for blowing up the "Times" building, the other for wrecking the Llewellyn Iron Works, both at Los Angeles; detectives had accumulated such evidence that defense was impossible; without bargain, pledge, or promise, express or implied, the accused, acting on the wise advice of their counsel, confessed their guilt; and they have been sentenced, one to life imprisonment, the other to fifteen years.

The Outlook agrees heartily with Mr. Roosevelt's editorial on another page entitled "Murder is Murder." It here adds some interpretation of this peculiar type of murder. For these outrages were not isolated. More than the McNamara brothers were on trial at Los Angeles. More than the McNamara brothers were condemned.

In the seventeenth century in France laborers were put under rigorous regulations; industrial liberty was unknown; trades were organized into guilds, and only a member of the appropriate guild could work at the designated trade. The minutiæ of these regulations surpasses belief. Tailors could not mend clothes; clothes-menders could not make clothes. Shoemakers could make new boots, but not repair old ones; cobblers could repair old boots, but not make new ones. Long-drawn-out disputes occurred between roasters and cooks—which might cook geese, which cook smaller fowls; who might sell cooked meats, who meats prepared with sauces.

There is in this country a small oligarchy which is attempting to introduce an analogous system into America. This oligarchy is not to be confused with trade-unionism, though it is to be found within its ranks. The members of this oligarchy wish to make it impossible for any one to labor at a trade unless he is a member of the guild. Their doctrine is that he must not work as a carpenter unless he belongs to the carpenters' guild, nor on bridges unless he belongs to the bridge-makers' guild, nor as a mason unless he belongs to the masons' guild. This oligarchy would not for an instant think of submitting this revival of an ancient despotism to the votes of the people. In a general vote the minority would not be large enough to be counted except as "scattering." They would not think of submitting it to the vote of the wage-earners. It would be voted down by the wage-earners by overwhelming majorities. The members of this oligarchy make the prohibitory regulation in secret council. They try in a star chamber proceeding any man accused of violating the rule by working at a trade without belonging to the guild. Condemned, he is sometimes simply ostracized, often his work is interfered with and prevented, not infrequently he is assaulted, and, if every other means fails, his work is blown up with dynamite. If you work at your trade without our permission, you do so at peril of your life, and your employer employs you at hazard to the work, to himself, and to his family, is what this secret and irresponsible oligarchy says to the American workmen.

How irresponsible this oligarchy is, a single reported fact indicates: that $1,000 a month "for organization purposes" was paid to J. J. McNamara by the Executive Committee of the Bridge and Structural Ironworkers, for the expenditure of which he was not required to make any account. How extensive were the ramifications of the system is indicated by the report in the New York "Times" of 113 outrages like that at Los Angeles in six months—an average of more than four a week. The responsibility for these outrages has yet to be determined; perhaps never will be determined. But they are results of the system: endeavors to enforce by a secret tribunal the secretly made law that no man shall undertake a job unless he belongs to the appropriate guild.

This is very different from a law, enacted by the community, forbidding a man to practice medicine, or sell drugs, or operate a stationary engine, or do certain forms of work in a mine, without previous examination and a license issued. The one law is made by the community after discussion, for the benefit of its citizens; the other is made by an irresponsible tribunal, for the supposed benefit of a class.

The interest in the McNamara trial was very different from the interest in the Beattie trial. In the Beattie trial an individual assassin was involved; in the McNamara case a system of assassinations. In the Beattie case a wife was foully murdered by the husband who had vowed to protect her; in the McNamara case society was assaulted by a system which, if allowed to prevail, would subject American workingmen to the despot-

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ism of fanatical barbarians. The Beattie murder was a fouler crime; the McNamara dynamiting a more dangerous crime. The one was in its inception and consummation purely individual; the other was, in the criminal purpose which actuated it, a fanatical attack upon industrial liberty and social order.

The confession and sentence of the McNamara brothers is not a blow to organized labor. It may prove to be an emancipation of labor. The fact that a criminal belonging to a labor union has been sentenced, after confession, for a crime of violence against property rights, is no more a blow to organized labor than the fact that an eminent banker has been sentenced, after trial, for a crime of fraud against property rights is a blow against organized banking. But if the bankers had not merely raised a fund to enable Mr. Morse to prove his innocence, which they would have had a perfect right to do, but had vehemently affirmed his innocence before he had been tried, had declared that the prosecution was an attack on banks and bankers, had endeavored to create, through the banks, a public opinion that would make an impartial trial impossible, and so had identified themselves with the accused banker as their representative, his conviction would have been a serious blow at banks and banking. Certain labor leaders, by their criminal fatuity in pursuing a similar course from the moment of the arrest of the McNamaras, have done what they could to make the confession of their espoused representatives a confession of organized labor. But, happily, their power has not been equal to their folly. The united voice of condemnation coming up from the rank and file in the workingmen's organizations as soon as the facts were known ought to be taken, and will be taken, not merely as a condemnation of these two criminals, but also as a condemnation of the principle and policy which they represented—the maintenance of an oligarchic despotism sustained by organized violence. If any one complains, as some critics have done, that the rank and file have been slow to speak in condemnation of such criminal acts perpetrated avowedly in the interest of labor, the answer is that men who have to work ten, and sometimes twelve, hours a day to earn their daily bread have but little time for the politics even of their own industrial organizations.

Those who share with The Outlook its belief in trade-unionism have no more important duty to perform to-day than to unite their forces to expel from office, and as far as possible from membership, in the trade unions the men who endeavor to organize and administer the unions for war. In the place of these labor demagogues should be put labor statesmen who believe in the co-operation of laborer and capitalist as partners in a common industrial enterprise. There is something to be said for the Socialism which anticipates eventually the ownership of capital—that is, the tools of organized labor—by the laborers. But there is nothing to be said for the Anarchism which would substitute for a free commonwealth an irresponsible oligarchy, issuing its secret decrees, and enforcing them by arson and murder. The McNamaras and McManigals are the worst enemies of organized labor, because their spirit and their methods are absolutely inconsistent with the democratic control of industry.

And in this endeavor the workingmen should have the expressed sympathy and the entire support of the capitalists. If it takes two to make war, it also takes two to make peace. The lawlessness of wealth is no better than the lawlessness of labor. Class consciousness in the counting-room is no better than class consciousness at the bench. They are both of one piece—a sometimes subtle, but an always sordid, selfishness. The time is opportune for the large-minded men in both ranks to make organizations, whether of capital or labor, not instruments for warfare, but a means for promoting better co-operation between the two. The time is opportune for industrial statesmen, whether wage-payers or wage-earners, to get together in a common effort for industrial justice, industrial liberty, and industrial peace.

These results can never be secured in a democratic commonwealth under an oligarchy whether of laborers or capitalists. They can be secured only under an industrial democracy.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S TRUST MESSAGE

In "an executive tribunal of the dignity and power of the Comptroller of the Currency or the Inter-State Commerce Commission" President Taft, as set forth in his Message to Congress, sees a solution for at least some of the most vexatious problems connected with the trust question. With

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this view The Outlook heartily agrees, and the country will in time agree, if it does not fully agree at present. It is natural that a President who has been a judge should use the word tribunal, but the name is not important. The work which President Taft would have this body do is the sort of work that is not legitimately done by the courts, but is done by executive officials and administrative commissions.

Although in this Message, which is outlined in editorial paragraphs on another page, the emphasis is laid upon the efficacy of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and on the desirability of Federal incorporation, the two features of the most fundamental importance are, first, the recommendation for making, defining, and describing more specifically those business practices which the law regards as unfair; and, second, the recommendation that the Government take the new step of assuming the responsibility of administrative supervision.

These two recommendations deal with the two great problems of the trusts. These two problems may briefly and colloquially be termed the problem of badness and the problem of bigness. The problem of badness is that which is presented by such unfair practices as the stifling of competitors, the attempt to gain advantage by craft, the watering of capital, the misrepresentation of facts, etc. These practices are not confined to big corporations, but their evil effect is enhanced by the bigness of the offender. Such practices ought to be punished; but, more than that, they ought to be prevented.

The other problem is the problem of bigness. There is nothing wrong in bigness of itself. There is, however, danger in leaving bigness uncontrolled. A powerful engine may do great damage; but that is not because the engine is powerful, but because it is not properly managed. The fact that a trust is powerful is no more a reason for destroying that trust than the fact that an engine is powerful is a reason for destroying the engine. Bigness does not need to be punished; it does not even need to be prevented. What it does need is to be controlled.

We welcome President Taft's Message, not because he advocates incorporation by the Federal Government, but because he indicates that the Administration is ready to deal in the only possible constructive way—namely, through administrative supervision—with these two problems of badness and of bigness.

Such a Federal administrative commission as he recommends should have power to do three things:

First, it should have power to order the reformation of those corporations which the courts have convicted of evil practices. The end of all punishment should be reform. It is hard, and perhaps sometimes impossible, to reform an individual; for an individual has a will and a personality of its own; but it is perfectly possible to reform an artificial creature such as a corporation, because the corporation has only the will and the power that the Government gives it. The first duty, therefore, of this administrative commission should be that of reforming corporate bad characters.

Second, this administrative commission should have the power to accept the voluntary submission of corporations to the supervision by the Government of their form of organization and their methods of doing business. At present a great industrial combination, no matter how willing it may be to become subject to the orders of the Government and to follow the Government's directions as to what it may and what it may not do, has no chance to show its allegiance to the will of the sovereign people. All that is allowed it is to guess what is legitimate and what is not, with the chance that it will guess wrong. This is not fair. The second duty, therefore, of the proposed administrative commission should be that of exercising supervision over willing corporations. (Whether this should be done by means of a Federal charter involving Federal incorporation, or by a license or certificate to State corporations, is a minor question. We think there are serious difficulties that would interfere with the efficacy of Federal incorporation; but that is not here the chief point. We should welcome any method that would promise to be efficient.)

Third, this administrative body should have the power, either on complaint or on its own initiative, to summon any corporation to show cause why it should not be put under the commission's supervision. There are many corporations which have never been convicted of evil practices, and which are not of such enormous size as to be obviously monopolistic, but which have shown no willingness to subordinate their own interest to the inte

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ests of the people as a whole. These corporations ought to be given the opportunity to prove their fealty. The third duty, therefore, of this administrative body should be to require unwilling corporations to show that they are worthy of confidence.

Under such an administrative commission what is evil in trusts would not only be punished, but would be prevented, and what is good in them could be put to the service of the whole people.

PERSIA AND THE POWERS

Curiously enough, American interest in Persia has been awakened by two Americans, one of them an artist; for the very interesting and striking edition of the "Rubáiyát" which appeared in this country years ago represented the collaboration of three remarkable men—Omar Khayyám, the Persian poet; Edward FitzGerald, the English translator; and Elihu Vedder, the American illustrator. We are in the habit of speaking of the Orientals as if they were all of a kind, when, as a matter of fact, they differ even more widely than the peoples of the Western world. Omar Khayyám's verses very strikingly brought out the difference between the Persians and the Chinese or the Hindus. The doctrine of fatalism which lay like a luminous mist over the quatrains was, indeed, Oriental; but the definiteness of the thought, the precision of expression, the sharp outlines of the imagery, reminded one of the day when the Persian, the lover of the horse and the speaker of truth, was a great force in the world. And now another American, Mr. W. Morgan Shuster, holds the center of the stage, and has brought Persia to the attention of the whole world.

Professor A. V. Williams Jackson, who knows Persia, not only in its large outlines, but in the hospitality of its homes and the characteristics of its people, closes his very interesting volume recently published, "From Constantinople to Teheran," with a significant phrase. He was on the borders of Russian Turkestan; behind him was the country of Rustum, before him was the country of Sohrab, whose fight is the heart of Persian traditional history. Father and son were each champions of a type of blood-feud that "raged for ages between the two countries until, a generation ago, there came a hand of iron to stop it forever. The scene has shifted; and over all now floats the shadow of the wings of the Russian eagle." It is that shadow falling ominously on the landscape of Persia which makes the present situation, for the Persians at least, tragically interesting.

To understand the present situation readers of The Outlook must go back several years. Until 1906 the Government of the country was an absolute monarchy, and the governmental methods were those familiar to students of Oriental history. The Shah could do what he chose with his subjects and with their property, so long as he did not collide with "The Divine Law." In that year the Shah consented to the formation of a Parliament known as the Mejliss, and composed of princes, clergy, members of certain families and tribes, chiefs, nobles, landowners, agriculturists, merchants, and tradesmen; these representatives elected by Persian subjects of not less than twenty-five years of age and of good repute, especial qualifications being prescribed for different classes. The Council met in that year, was welcomed by the Shah, and elected a president. In February following, the Shah signed a constitution, and in the presence of the Council took the oath which it prescribes. The Government is now carried on by a Cabinet of seven or eight Ministers.

In 1902 a commercial treaty had been concluded between Great Britain and Persia, instituting various reforms in the customs service. In the same year Russia had made a commercial treaty with Persia, which greatly increased Russian influence in that country, by the granting to Russian concessionaires of the privilege of building all roads, and by the opening of branches of Russian banks. The rivalry between Great Britain and Russia in the Persian Gulf became acute. Great Britain held almost a monopoly of that Gulf, lighting and policing its waters; and twelve years ago the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs declared in the House of Lords that Great Britain would resist the attempt of any other nation to establish itself in force on the banks of the Gulf. Fortunately, in 1907, at the close of the Russian-Japanese War, and just after the establishment of parliamentary government in Persia, Great Britain and Russia, rivals for commercial possibilities in Persia, entered into an agreement, which, while "having mutually engaged to respect the integrity and independence of Persia," provided for a Russian sphere of influence in the northern part of

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Persia, in which Great Britain undertook to seek no political or commercial concession, and to refrain from opposing the acquisition of any such concession by Russia or Russian subjects; for a British sphere in the south of Persia, in respect to which Russia gave a like understanding to Great Britain; and for a Twilight Zone between the boundaries of the two spheres of influence, in which either country might seek concessions.

It will be noted that Persia was not consulted in this arrangement. In a recent editorial the London "Times" says very frankly: "As a matter of fact, and largely through the fault of the Persians themselves, Russia and Great Britain exercise a control over Persia akin to that exercised over a minor by his guardians." This is another instance of the deep interest of the European Powers in the East and of their former habit of constituting themselves the guardians of other nations without consulting those nations. Two years later civil war broke out in Persia, and a Russian force gave practical aid to the Royalist cause. In July of that year the revolutionary troops entered Teheran, and the Shah, by taking refuge in the Russian Legation, practically abdicated. Parliament met, chose his successor, and appointed a regent.

Two years ago, through her Minister at Washington, Persia applied to our Department of State for the names of half a dozen experts who might bring order out of the chaos of Persian finances, and the Department suggested, among others, the name of Mr. Shuster. He had served in Cuba and the Philippines as Collector of Customs, and later as Secretary of Public Instruction at Manila, and as a member of the Philippine Commission. He returned to this country two years ago, finished his preparation for the bar, was admitted, and was practicing in Washington when his name was suggested as a person competent to deal with the financial situation in Persia. Four other Americans went with him on that difficult mission: one to act as director of taxation; the second as inspector of provincial revenue; a third as chief of the auditing and accounting systems; and the fourth as inspector of taxation. Mr. Shuster arrived in Persia last May. Parliament invested him with plenary powers in dealing with Persian finances. Any one who knows how finances were managed in the good old times in the East will understand something of the difficulties which faced Mr. Shuster in confused accounts, in lax and dishonest administration in general inability to understand accuracy, promptness, or the subordination of private to public interests, and, last but not least, in an alarming deficit. Mr. Shuster appears to have taken hold of his work in a thoroughgoing fashion, and to have regarded himself as servant of the Persian people. His programme provided for the presentation of detailed accounts of expenditures on the part of all the departments of the Government equable taxation without distinction of class prompt payment of taxes, and honest disposition of the revenues. He seems to have been an efficient and an honest official of the Persian Government, and that is probably the real ground of the Russian antagonism; for Persia is beginning to develop an increasing national spirit, which, in the opinion of some, may one day make the guardianship of Russia and of Great Britain unnecessary. In a word, the ward was about to come of age, and the guardians were not at all anxious to be relieved either of their trusts or of their opportunities.

If Mr. Shuster has failed, it has been through his lack of recognizing the conditions under which he had to work and of diplomacy in dealing with those conditions. He interpreted the agreement between Russia and Great Britain too literally, and has regarded Persia as an independent government, and accordingly he has brought himself into sharp collision with Russian interests. The Persian treasurer's gendarmes who were in possession of certain property belonging to the brother of the ex-Shah, and accused of having used insulting language to Russian consular officers. The fact, however, that these officers were interfering with the gendarmes in the execution of their duty ignored by Russia. The Persians expressed their willingness to institute a searching inquiry. Not satisfied with this, Russia demanded an instant apology, and the withdrawal of the treasurer's gendarmes from the property of the brother of the ex-Shah, on the ground that he has certain Russian debts hanging over him. The Persians immediately expressed their readiness to recognize any claims of Russian subjects, but refused to remove the gendarmes sent to collect the taxes due to their own Government, holding that this would constitute an abdication of sovereign rights. Thereupon Russia promptly began moving troops into Persia. There a

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other alleged grounds of offense put forward by the Russian Government, but the fundamental fact in the situation appears to be that the Government is unwilling that Persia should attempt to reform her revenue by the aid of a foreign expert, and has insisted on the retirement of Mr. Shuster. The former Cabinet resigned, and a new Cabinet has been appointed, which is supposed to be favorable to granting the Russian demands. But Parliament so far stands by Mr. Shuster. Great Britain's position in the matter is dictated not by antagonism to Mr. Shuster so much as by a desire to keep on good terms with her ally, Russia, at a time when the attitude of Germany makes England desirous of keeping all her friends in Europe. The English conscience, both conformist and nonconformist, would be expected to dictate a free hand for British action in Persia, and the aiding of the Persian people in their determination to reform their administrative methods. But the general situation in Europe is complicated and delicate, and the Persian may be sacrificed to the demands of that situation.

As a citizen of the United States, Mr. Shuster is entitled to, and will receive, from this country full protection of his person and property, and undoubtedly our Government has called the attention of the Russian Government emphatically to the fact that in his person and property Mr. Shuster will receive the protection of the United States. With Mr. Shuster as an official of the Persian Government this country has nothing to do; it has no duty to protect him, no right to interfere in his behalf. When Mr. Shuster accepted the place of Treasurer-General, he became, so far as the political position is concerned, a Persian, and subject to the vicissitudes to which a Persian would be exposed in the present situation of affairs.

BLIND PATHS

An accomplished Englishwoman recently declared with great vehemence that there is no personal liberty in this country, and proved her assertion by a brief but dramatic recital of her wrongs—she had not been allowed to smoke in the streets! Coming from a country in which women drink at the public bars, this seemed like an intolerable outrage. There is, however, diminishing ground for such a charge; the dining-rooms of hotels and restaurants show an increasing number of women placidly drinking cocktails; the theaters are crowded at matinées by girls and women calmly looking at plays which make a decent man blush, and hearing songs which were once heard only in places where spectacular vice is arranged for exhibition purposes; the novels which deal with bizarre experience, with hairbreadth escapes from adultery, with hideous moral diseases, with sex tragedies, are in the hands of girls whose primary instincts ought to make such stories repulsive. The plea that in associating with the demi-monde a girl is "seeing life" is sheer humbug; it is not life, but death, which is seen in such books. The divorce courts tell a still more discouraging story; it is said that the large majority of applicants for divorces are women, and that most of the applications are based on frivolous grounds. And those who observe the "passing show" in the streets have been startled of late by the unmistakable evidence of the use of cosmetics by decent women, while the immodest dress of many women makes it almost impossible to distinguish them from those unfortunates who are called women of the town.

The young girls and older women who have adopted the habits, dress, and moral standards of the fast set are, happily, a very small minority, but the signs of their increase in numbers are very disconcerting. It is a great relief, in this widening morass of lowered standards, cheapened and superficial ideals of life, and love of vulgar publicity, to come upon simple, wholesome, funda mental stories which deal reverently with the vital things of life. Such a story as Mrs. Norris's "Mother" (Macmillan), after half a dozen novels of the emancipated kind, gives one a sense of escape from fetid air into mountain air, from a casino into a home. It is a very simple story, and for that reason those who require highly seasoned fiction whose chief figures are irresponsible men seeking "soul unions" and feather-brained women skirting the edges of the great disaster will class it as archaic and outgrown; as a matter of fact, it is one of the really fundamental stories of the season. The Outlook has already summarized its simple plot: a young girl taken from a pinched and crowded home full of love and devotion into an atmosphere of luxury, idleness, over-feeding, over-drinking, over-dressing, and nervous endeavor to be free by escaping from the care of children, the responsibility of the home, and going back to

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the old familiar ties which, since society began to be civilized, have bound men and women alike to duty, honor, and unselfishness, and to the searching and redeeming education of work and service and self-denial, which have been rejected and cast aside as outworn whenever society has reverted to the barbarism of physical ease and spiritual poverty.

The author of "Mother" has not written from a place of shelter; she has made her own way and has learned in the school of life those primary lessons which, like the old-fashioned drill in reading, writing, and arithmetic, train the mind for the freedom that comes through strength. She has been bookkeeper, librarian, settlement worker, and reporter, as well as a wife and mother; and has therefore seen life from many sides. She has kept a clear sense of values, a sane view of the supreme things, a resolute grip on the fundamental realities. The rush for freedom has not taken her off her feet; nor has the moral confusion through which society is passing, on its road to that real freedom which is based on self-denial, subordination of self, and a clear, joyful acceptance of duty, blinded her. "Mother" is a story of a girl who was saved from the shipwreck of mistaking luxury for happiness and escape from duty for freedom; in pleasure-loving America, with its increasing class of women of leisure, such a story, in a quiet way, has a real service to render.

And so has Mrs. Riggs's "Mother Carey's Chickens" (Houghton Mifflin Company), a story of real boys and girls, with a real mother, who faces a great crisis in the life of her little family with saving good sense and with the courage that is half the battle. There is no high tragedy in the retreat of a fatherless family into the country, no dramatic staging of the fight with poverty; there are loyal affection, clear perception of real values, plenty of humor, and that wholesomeness of tone and spirit which breed health, courage, and character.

These two unpretentious stories are good examples of the kind of reading which serves as an anti-toxin at a time when many demoralizing, relaxing, enervating stories are in the hands of young girls who know nothing about life, and are in danger of losing their footing on those fundamental principles sometimes covered with foam and spume, but never moved from their indestructible bases. In a time in which there is a wide and inspiring movement toward real freedom there are many who are in danger of falling victims to a false idea of freedom, only to find when it is too late that, instead of escaping from bondage to reality into a beautiful idealism, they have flung themselves against immutable laws, and the drama of emancipation has turned into cheap farce or pitiful tragedy. If a record could be kept of the "affinities" and "soul unions" reported by the newspapers and of their results five years later, the tinsel romance would turn to tawdry melodrama.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

You ask, How can I love God? How can I love a Person whom I have not seen and cannot see? I answer by another question: How can you love a person whom you can see and have seen?

What is it that you love in your friend? His eyes, mouth, nose, chin, figure? It is sometimes said of a woman that she has a lovely figure, or of a man that he has a lovely pair of whiskers, or of a child that she has lovely eyes. But it is not the figure, the whiskers, the eyes, you love. It is the character within, which you never have seen and never can see. You love the child for his lovable disposition; and you cannot *see* disposition. You love your friend for his courage, his patience, his loyalty, his truth; and courage, patience, loyalty, and truth are invisible.

A very simple illustration should suffice to make this clear. Your friend dies. You go into the room where the form lies in the casket, and, as you gaze upon her face, you say, How natural she looks! And yet your heart is full of sorrow and your eyes are filled with tears. Why? All that you can *see* is there. But what you loved is not there; the invisible spirit is fled forever. Love sorrows because the loved one is gone. And yet—what you *see* is not gone.

It is this fact, that a person is to us, not what we see but what we do not see, that causes such contradictory judgments to be formed and expressed concerning the same person. I received the other day by the same mail two letters, one of which characterized Mr. Roosevelt as a bull in a china shop; the other, as a great leader who had awakened the conscience of the Nation and was leading it through the jungle of passion

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and prejudice up to greater heights. What was the reason for these different opinions concerning the same man? If they had seen and heard him from the same platform, all that was visible and audible would have been the same. They had formed two entirely different conceptions or images of the same personality. One conceived a reckless bull, the other a courageous leader. The invisible personality appeared very different to the two correspondents. To me Mr. Roosevelt is the great leader, and if the first correspondent had known the "real Roosevelt" as well as I do, he also would have seen in him the great leader.

There are two Johns who have given to the world two very different conceptions of God—the Apostle John and John Stuart Mill. The Apostle John says, "God is love." John Stuart Mill says that Natural Theology indicates that he is "a Being . . . who desires, and pays grave regard to, the happiness of his creatures, but who seems to have other motives of action which he cares more for." These two statements are not as inconsistent as at first sight they seem. For a God of love would care more for the *character* of his creatures than for their *happiness*. But they indicate the widely differing conceptions of God which have prevailed in the world. There is a sense in which it is true that man makes God in his own image. From the manifestations of an unknown Personality in life and nature, including our own experience, we form our conception of God; from the manifestations of our friend's unseen personality in his appearance, demeanor, and speech, we form our conception of our friend. The one is no more invisible than the other.

It is easier for some than for others to realize the presence of an invisible personality without any visible manifestation of that presence. It is easier to do so at some times than at others. It is easier for those who believe, as I do, that He is manifested in all the higher life of the men and women whom I love and know, and most of all in the incomparable life of Jesus of Nazareth, than it is for those who have no such faith. When I say that I love God, what I mean is that I love the Personal Spirit who is manifested in Christ's life and in the life of all who are like Christ. What I mean when I say that I love Christ is that I see and love in him that divine Spirit. When I am asked if it is right to pray to Christ, the question is meaningless to me, for my faith is that of John. To me Jesus Christ is "that which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life." I can no more distinguish between Christ and the invisible Spirit who manifested himself through Christ than I can distinguish between my friend in the body at my side and his spirit which manifests itself through his voice and conduct.

But there are times when all these physical manifestations disappear, when it seems to me that their existence would be a barrier, not an aid, when the Presence is more present because there is no voice to speak and no form to see, when, to use Faber's phrase, he is "not so far as even to be near." But, alike when this is true and when it is not, alike in love for God, for Christ, and for friend, it seems to me that true love is always for an unseen personality.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

"MURDER IS MURDER"

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN May last, when the McNamaras had just been arrested, and when, I regret to say, many men who posed either as leaders in the Socialist party or as especial champions and representatives of the cause of labor were frantically denouncing the arrest and were endeavoring to cloud the issue of right and wrong by an appeal to class prejudice, I wrote in The Outlook an article entitled "Murder is Murder." In that article I set forth what certainly seems the sufficiently obvious doctrine that heinous crime should be treated purely as crime, without regard to the political, social, or business affiliations of the criminal; a doctrine which, however obvious in theory, our country sorely needs to have put into active practice. Not only laboring men, but business men, capitalists, have at times shown the worst form of class consciousness—that of

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sinister and brutal class selfishness in standing by criminals simply because they were of their own class. This has been done by capitalists in the case of capitalists who have been guilty of brazen corruption, and by laborers in the case of labor leaders who have been guilty of murderous violence. The two offenses stand on a par from the standpoint of damage to the community. In San Francisco in one municipal contest the capitalists who desired to be free from all check on corruption and the labor leaders who desired to be free from all check on lawless violence struck hands and elected their ticket; and this proved in the end to be a lasting misfortune to San Francisco, to the cause of honest business, and to the cause of honest labor.

Since the startling outcome of the McNamara trial certain apologists of these men have made themselves conspicuous by asserting that these depraved criminals, who have on their seared souls the murder of so many innocent persons—*all of them laboring people, by the way*—are "victims," or at worst "fanatics," who should receive sympathy because they were acting in what they regarded as a "war" on behalf of their class! The plea is monstrous in its folly and its wickedness. It is precisely the kind of plea sometimes advanced on behalf of a crooked man of great wealth caught bribing a legislature—that he has to do it to protect his business. We are not here dealing with any of the kinds of offenses incidental to the sudden and sweeping changes brought about by modern industrial conditions into which capitalists or labor men are sometimes drawn without any very great conscious moral turpitude on their part. We are dealing with crimes as old as the lawgiving from Sinai, with crimes—murder and theft—that have been prohibited ever since the decalogue was formulated. The murders committed by men like the McNamaras, although nominally in the interest of organized labor, differ not one whit in moral culpability from those committed by the Black Hand, or by any band of mere cutthroats, and are fraught with an infinitely heavier menace to society. Yet, great though the menace is to the community, the menace to the cause of honest organized labor is still greater, and no duty is more imperatively laid on the leaders of labor than the duty of affirmatively freeing themselves and their followers from the taint of responsibility for such criminals and such crimes. The labor leaders who by their loud championship of the McNamaras —as previously of Moyer and Haywood— have succeeded in identifying them with the cause of labor in the eyes of the public have rendered an evil service to that cause. Mr. Debs and the extremists of his type among the so-called political Socialists—I say so-called because Debs and his followers of the Emma Goldman kind are not Socialists at all in any true sense of the word, but mere inciters to murder and preachers of applied anarchy—and the labor leaders affiliated with them, have always boasted of the part they played in the trial of Moyer and Haywood; and in this case they repeated their familiar tactics, and held mass-meetings, and scattered broadcast papers and addresses in which they furiously denounced the effort to bring wrong-doers to justice, and sought to arouse every evil class instinct against all who upheld the cause of law or sought to put a stop to assassination and murderous violence. It is worth noting that since McNamara confessed his guilt Mr. Moyer, the head of what purports to be a labor organization, is reported in the press as commenting upon it, not by denouncing McNamara for having committed the murder, but by denouncing him for having confessed it! Such denunciation is significant.

Murder is murder, and the foolish sentimentalists or sinister wrong-doers who try to apologize for it as an "incident of labor warfare" are not only morally culpable but are enemies of the American people, and, above all, are enemies of American wage-workers. In honorable contrast to these men stand the various labor leaders who have never asked for more than a fair trial for the McNamaras, whose purpose has only been to get justice, and who now sternly demand that murder shall be punished when committed in the nominal interest of labor precisely as under any other circumstances. I believe with all my heart in the American workingman; I believe with all my heart in organized labor, for labor must be organized in order to protect and secure its rights; and therefore with all my strength I urge my fellow-citizens, the American men and women who earn their livelihood as wage-workers, to see that their leaders stand for honesty and obedience to the law, and to set their faces like flint against any effort to identify the cause of organized labor, directly or indirectly, with any movement which in any shape or way benefits by the commission of crimes of lawless and murderous violence.

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THE END OF THE DYNAMITE CASE—"GUILTY"

BY WALTER V. WOEHLKE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

IT was three o'clock on the afternoon of December 1. A street car, coming down the hill upon which stands the court-house of Los Angeles, stopped in front of the new Hall of Records, gleaming white in the warm sun. A group of men, talking excitedly, boarded the car. "I don't understand it," said one of them. "I can't believe it yet. Why should they confess? And both of them at that! What's behind it all? Why should they plead guilty, walk right upon the gallows?"

"Who pleaded guilty?" broke in the conductor, his hand, raised to the bell-strap, motionless.

"The McNamaras!" answered a chorus.

The conductor's face blanched. His hand, stretched out to give the starting signal, dropped to his side, heedless of the impatient motorman's gong.

"The McNamaras!" he repeated, his face twitching. "Go on! You're joshing."

A glance at the excited faces of his passengers convinced him of the truth. Mechanically, as if in a dream, he reached up to give the two bells. Mechanically he reached out his hands for the fares, ringing them up on the register by force of habit. And as he went through the car tears were rolling down his cheeks into the grizzled mustache.

He could not repress them. No one laughed, no one sneered at him. All over the city that sunny, warm afternoon the eyes of men blinked and winked in vain efforts to repress the scalding tears that would well up. The shock was too great, the release of the pent-up strain too sudden. So they wept, shaken by emotions beyond their control.

These men—and millions of others—had, with a deep and abiding faith, believed in the protestations of innocence reiterated many times by the McNamara brothers. To them a conviction had seemed impossible, except by manufactured evidence. Had the cases come to trial, had the jury returned a verdict of guilty, their belief in the martyrdom of the McNamaras would still have remained unshaken, no matter how conclusive the evidence. And now, by one brutal, unexpected blow, their faith had been shattered, smashed into fragments, and hurled into the gutter. They cried, but not for the McNamaras. For *them* they had no tears. These men, hurled from the heights of an abiding faith into the mire of sordid, paid-for crime, were mourning the loss of an ideal, the collapse of the cause they had believed to be righteous.

To him who has not been in actual touch with the trial of J. B. McNamara and of his brother, J. J. McNamara, Secretary-Treasurer of the Amalgamated Association of Structural Ironworkers, the widespread, firm belief, even in Los Angeles, in the innocence of the defendants must be a revelation. Newspaper men, as a rule, have keen insight and sound judgment, based upon wide observation. In the McNamara case the correspondents were the best men in the service of the press associations and individual newspapers. They were seasoned men, whose experience was varied and extensive; yet the overwhelming majority of these men believed almost implicitly in the guiltlessness of the defendants. Up to the very last moment they were deceived. The night before the confession rumors of an important surprise on the morrow spread among them. These rumors were confirmed when, immediately after the beginning of the morning session, District Attorney Fredericks solemnly requested an adjournment until afternoon "on account of important developments."

At once the correspondents began to send out guesses and surmises concerning the nature of these developments. A dozen causes were suggested. Every possible contingency was considered—except the right one. Not even the appearance of J. J. McNamara, brother of the defendant at bar, in the court-room suggested to the newspaper men the possibility of a plea of guilty. When this plea did come, it momentarily stunned the news-gatherers into activity. If the confession startled a corps of men whose daily food is the unexpected and the surprising, the force of its shock upon the large masses

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of union men and union sympathizers must have been tremendous.

But it was a healthy shock.

No other outcome of the famous case could have been as effective, as beneficial to society, as this sudden crash. Had both men been found guilty and sent to the gallows upon the strength of incontrovertible evidence, large bodies of their supporters and followers would still have persisted in declaring them martyrs; the evidence would be explained away as manufactured, the motives of the prosecution would be impugned and its witnesses charged with perjury. Nor would a plea of guilty at a later stage, after the introduction of evidence, have had the same effect. Had it come after the disclosures of the ironworkers' methods of propaganda, after the ground had been gradually prepared for it by the testimony, its force would have been discounted and dissipated in the wave of hatred and bitterness created by the revelations. It would have burned and corroded like carbolic acid. Coming at the time it did, the confession of guilt was analogous to a dash of cold water, bringing both sides to their senses.

Not as the result of contrition or repentance did the plea of guilty come. It was forced out of the McNamaras by the utter hopelessness of their situation. Their movements traced step by step, month after month, for several years, the mountain of evidence against them precluding any possibility of an acquittal according to the statements of their attorneys, the chief of the McNamara detective bureau under arrest on a charge of attempting to bribe talesmen, with bribery charges hanging over the heads of two jurors already sworn to try the case, what possible chance of escape was there for them? None. The gallows was waiting for both unless they threw themselves upon the mercy of the Court. It was a desperate chance, but they had to take it.

Long before the trial began on October 11, District Attorney Fredericks asserted that he had sufficient evidence, even without the confession of Ortie McManigal, to convict both men. Having similar statements and the outcome of the Moyer-Haywood trial in mind, the general public would not believe the prosecutor. The defense, however, fully informed of all developments, knowing the progress made by Burns and his men, early realized the futility of fighting the charge. Three months before the opening of the trial, in July, the defense threw out a tentative offer of confession, according to the District Attorney. Clarence Darrow, the Chicago attorney who cleared the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners, renewed that offer several times while the selection of the jury was in progress. He was willing to have J. B. McNamara plead guilty to murder in connection with the destruction of the "Times" building, provided J. J. McNamara, the Secretary of the Ironworkers' Association, was allowed to go free. Fredericks refused the offer. He had the evidence to convict both.

What was that evidence?

First of all, it would devolve upon the State to prove the *corpus delicti*, the commission of a crime. If the "Times" building had been destroyed by gas instead of dynamite, J. B. McNamara was innocent. Continually the defense urged the gas explanation. To the defense came witnesses, men of standing, voluntarily stating that they had smelled gas in the "Times" building prior to the explosion. The families of seven men killed in the disaster brought damage suits against the owners of the "Times," basing their demands upon the theory of a gas explosion and upon the non-compliance of the owners with the building ordinances. Of eye-witnesses to the placing of the dynamite there were none. The evidence necessarily was wholly circumstantial.

Dynamite acts downward and outward, the defense maintained. Also dynamite does not cause flames; rather it tends to smother them. Of course gas and dynamite experts would testify impartially for both sides, the testimony of one set neutralizing the data presented by the other. Better proof than the word of experts had to be provided.

It was the theory of the State, based upon McManigal's confession, that J. B. McNamara had placed the dynamite, with the alarm clock attached, on a steel beam over the basement in Ink Alley, a passageway, open on either end, in the rear of the building. This beam was found in the ruins, bent downward directly beneath the exploding charge, split through the center and containing an impression the dimensions and form of which resembled those of a stick of dynamite.

A few days before the confession the State, in a lonely building remodeled to imitate as closely as possible the condition of Ink Alley, exploded a charge of dynamite

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over a duplicate of the steel beam found in the ruins. Even the prosecution was astonished by the result. As in the original explosion, the steel beam was bent downward, split in the center, and directly beneath the charge the impression of a dynamite stick was plainly visible. Practically every feature of the "Times" explosion, as described by eye-witnesses, was duplicated in the test. Barrels of ink placed into the miniature structure were scattered over a wide radius and their contents ignited. Bundles of paper blazed into flame and the dry grass in the vicinity of the explosion began to burn. Except for the lack of inflammable gas, the test was a true duplicate of the explosion that wrecked the newspaper plant, and would have convinced any unbiased jury that dynamite, and not gas, was the primary agent of destruction.

Infinitely more important than this experiment, however, was the task of tracing the movements and acts of J. B. McNamara, alias J. B. Brice, throughout the United States, and finally to Los Angeles. It was the theory of the prosecution, based upon McManigal's confession, that the men in control of the Structural Ironworkers' Association had "loaned" their dynamiting experts to Pacific Coast labor leaders who contemplated pulling off a number of "jobs." Since the prosecution had no witnesses who saw "Brice" place the bomb that wrecked the "Times" plant, it was necessary to prove beyond a doubt that "Brice" was actually in the business of destroying buildings and bridges by dynamite. Detective Burns's brilliant work laid the foundation necessary to establish this fact, but the rearing of the complete structure of evidence upon this basis nevertheless was a task of such magnitude that the public even now has no adequate conception of its actual size.

There were many weeks while the evidence was being gathered when a thousand men and more were working on the case under the direction of the District Attorney. At no time since the investigation began did the daily pay-roll drop below a thousand dollars. Three different sets of detectives were continually at work. One set operated under the direction of Burns; a second detachment of investigators was guided by Samuel Browne, chief of the county's detective corps; and the third division was composed of Pinkerton operatives. Almost every angle of the case was investigated by two sets of detectives working independently of one another "to guard against treason in the ranks," as the District Attorney explained. If their reports should fail to dovetail and match, the discrepancies would show crooked work on some one's part. "But," added the prosecutor, "all our men remained loyal to the end."

The witnesses and the documentary evidence needed to prove "Brice" a professional dynamiter were scattered over twenty-five States. Beyond the limits of California the prosecution could not compel the attendance of witnesses by subpœna.

"Neither could we use money," said the District Attorney. "If we had offered rewards or pecuniary inducements to the witnesses we needed, the defense would have discovered the fact immediately and it would have killed our case. We could not afford to use such means. We had to rely upon moral suasion, make the witnesses see that it was their duty to come and testify."

That was not easy. Many of the witnesses maintained that they were afraid to come and testify. In several instances, four, five, and six different men had to be sent nearly across the continent to labor with a solitary witness and induce him to appear. There was the wife of a Salt Lake union labor leader at whose house J. B. McNamara was a guest when he returned to Indiana after destroying the Los Angeles newspaper plant. Every effort to obtain this woman's testimony failed until her husband left her after a quarrel. That was the prosecution's chance. By dint of hard work she was induced to sign an affidavit stating that McNamara had been a guest at her house shortly after the explosion. Of course the defense discovered the fact of the damaging affidavit. There was a reconciliation between husband and wife. The State had lost, but the work was continued. Emissary after emissary was sent out to Salt Lake City to surround the woman with the prosecution's influence and maintain her determination not to repudiate the affidavit. Up to the time of the McNamaras' confession this single bit of testimony had cost the county of Los Angeles more than two thousand dollars.

Except for the actual placing of the dynamite, the web of evidence around J. B. McNamara in the murder charge was complete. McManigal's confession, though it had furnished the clue to the links of the chain, was not needed. The conductors and

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porters on the trains that carried "Brice" to and from California were ready to identify him and his suit-cases. Hotel registers containing the signatures of "Brice" both in San Francisco and Los Angeles were in the State's possession. Hotel clerks of both California cities recognized him. A number of Los Angeles citizens remembered having met him. His trail had been traced to the powder works at Giant, on San Francisco Bay; it was traced back again to San Francisco, to the storage place of the surplus nitroglycerine that was to be used later on in more explosions. An unassailable identification was made by the powder salesman. McNamara's presence in Los Angeles just prior to the explosion was proven. The alarm clocks found under the homes of H. G. Otis and of Secretary Zeehandelaar of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association were identical with those found by Burns at the headquarters of the Structural Ironworkers' Association at Indianapolis. But for the actual placing of the infernal machine under the rubbish of Ink Alley, the chain of evidence was complete.

Nevertheless, the links of this chain would not have convinced the mass of union labor. Were it not for the men's confession of guilt, the loyal adherents of the leaders would still maintain that this evidence was "planted" by the enemies of trades-unionism.

Of evidence to establish the connection of J. J. McNamara, the Secretary of the Ironworkers' Association, with the "Times" explosion as accessory before the fact there was none. It is the theory of the prosecution that the younger McNamara, "loaned" for dynamiting purposes to Pacific Coast parties, imbibed the atmosphere of bitter hatred and virulent hostility created by the rancorous fight of the "Times" against the unions, that this hatred, the waves of which no one familiar with the California labor situation can avoid feeling, took possession of him, and that he determined, on his own initiative, to make an example of this paper. McNamara himself maintains that this was the case, that he had no intention of taking life, but that his object was only to scare the "scabs." And the prosecution is inclined to believe his protestations.

However, overwhelming evidence is at hand to establish the connection of the elder McNamara with a score of explosions throughout the Middle West, and to fasten upon him the responsibility for the destruction of the Llewellyn Iron Works in Los Angeles through the hand of Ortie McManigal, the informer.

Besides the large quantities of dynamite and nitroglycerine seized in Indiana and Ohio, besides the store of alarm clocks, fuses, and other paraphernalia needed in the manufacture of time bombs, there is in the possession of the State authorities, both in Los Angeles and in Indianapolis, sufficient documentary evidence plainly to establish the complicity of the Ironworkers' officers, to place the responsibility for numerous explosions upon their shoulders. Perhaps one instance will suffice to illustrate the nature of this evidence.

It was a favorite habit of the dynamiters to blow up buildings in widely separated parts of the country simultaneously. They had their methods reduced to a scientific system. On one occasion it was planned to make a demonstration both in Des Moines, Iowa, and Columbus, Indiana, at the same time. To the younger McNamara fell the Des Moines "job;" McManigal was despatched to Columbus. Having successfully planted his bomb in Des Moines, J. B. McNamara, by wire, in a cipher code of his own devising, reported to J. J. McNamara in Indianapolis the exact hour at which his bomb would explode. The elder McNamara, in turn, by wire and in cipher, notified McManigal of the Des Moines arrangements, and McManigal timed his bombs accordingly. Even the difference in time between East and West was taken into consideration. At the appointed hour three structures, one in Des Moines and two in Columbus, were wrecked by the blasts.

The originals of these telegrams, obtained from the files of the telegraph companies, and translated with the aid of the key furnished by McManigal, are in the hands of the prosecution. Incriminating letters by the dozen are stored in its vaults. From the records of railways and express companies it has obtained receipts bearing out every phase of McManigal's story by proving the shipment of explosives, of money, and other munitions of war to the various actors in the drama. More than a hundred hotel registers from nearly every part of the country lie in the District Attorney's office, all of them containing the signatures of "J. B. Brice," alias Sullivan, alias J. B. McNamara. And most of these entries precede by a few days or a few hours the explosion of bombs and the wrecking of structures put up by the arch-enemy of the

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Structural Ironworkers' Association, the National Erectors' Association.

In the light of this mass of evidence, with the multiple strands of the plot in plain sight, it seems astonishing that the ramifications of this gigantic conspiracy, with its large number of participants and accomplices, were not discovered long before W. J. Burns took up the trail. Nor does it seem astonishing or incredible, considering the long-continued immunity of the dynamiters and the growing audacity of their operations, that they should have planned, according to the prosecution, one grand "blow-out," the simultaneous destruction of a hundred buildings in various parts of the United States.

Unless the authorities succeed in apprehending Schmidt, Kaplan, and one Leonard, the accomplices of J. B. McNamara in his Los Angeles operations, the case against the McNamaras growing out of the murder of twenty men in the "Times" building is practically closed. But the correlated issues, the charges of bribery preferred against the chief of the labor men's detective bureau, the allegations that witnesses and even jurors were influenced by the use of money, these issues still await settlement. After the crushing blow dealt the faith of the rank and file in the methods of their leaders, it remains to be seen whether the contributors to the defense fund will allow the use of their money for the protection of the accused men. Perhaps no other step would better serve to restore confidence in the integrity of the leaders than a detailed statement by the custodians of the defense fund of every dollar received and the purpose for which it was expended. For the State, such statements are on file in the office of the Los Angeles county auditor.

From now on the spot-light in the drama will be shifted to Indianapolis, where the local authorities and the Federal officials will continue the investigation.

What will be the consequences of the McNamaras' plea of guilty? Perhaps an analysis of the National situation will help to throw light upon the answer to this question.

The struggle between trades unions and organized employers has been continually referred to as a war. War, and war *alone*, legalizes murder, sanctions destruction, makes killing a virtue. Was this struggle really to be invested with the dignity of a war, thus furnishing the participants on both sides with a reason upon which to justify, in their own consciences, bloodshed, coercion, and deeds of violence?

Of war there are two kinds. Public war is levied by one sovereign State against another; civil war, the last resort of an oppressed people, breaks out when a part of the population rises in armed rebellion against the forces of the government. The struggle between organized workers and organized employers was neither public nor civil war. It did not involve an uprising against the constituted authorities. It was a factional feud which assumed the characteristics of a civil war, in the minds of the workers at least, because the power of the State was largely used for the protection of property owned by the employers, because this same power of the State, through lack of adequate legislation to protect the rights of the worker, through the frequent defeat of measures designed to bring about better conditions of work and greater protection of workers, apparently was always exercised *against* the rights of labor and *for* the rights of property. It is necessary only to review the long list of vocational diseases, the failure of both employers and the State to prevent them or mitigate their effects, the lack of employers' liability laws, the failure to provide adequate safeguards against accidents in dangerous vocations, the attacks upon the constitutionality of laws to shorten the hours of women and of workers in certain trades, the apathy of legislatures when the abolition of child labor is urged—it is necessary only to contrast this phlegmatic attitude of the social machinery with the speed at which it acts to prevent picketing and rioting during strikes, in order to arrive at the worker's point of view. He sees the club of the officer, the bayonet of the militia, directed against him in the defense of property, and he sees the hand of the law, strong in the protection of property, droop listlessly whenever measures are proposed to lighten labor's heavy burden. Is he to be condemned unqualifiedly because, in his bitterness, he breaks the law that seems to place property above human rights?

No, the feud between employers and unions is not a war. It was the mistake of the McNamaras to assume the existence of civil war. That this condition, this assumption even, is not considered by the mass of organized labor seems to be proved by the bitter condemnation heaped upon the criminals by those who rallied to their defense.

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Organized labor believed in the innocence of the McNamaras. Organized labor mistrusted the employers, accused them of a conspiracy to deal unionism a body blow by railroading innocent men to the gallows. Organized labor had lost faith in the impartiality of the law that seemed designed only to protect property. Yet organized labor turned savagely upon the men who had broken the law.

The triumph of justice, the punishment of offenders, these are not the greatest results of the plea of guilty. Far more important is the vindication of the law itself and of its officers in the minds of millions of workers whose charges of a gigantic conspiracy are suddenly scattered like chaff before the wind. In the hearts of the legions of men and women who rallied about the defendants, the law and its officers, not the McNamaras, were on trial. And the law, by the voluntary confession of the defendants, has been triumphantly vindicated. Therein lies the greatest significance of the McNamara case and its dramatic ending.

Organized labor, and more particularly trades-unionism, is now thoroughly at sea. It is still staggering blindly under the sudden blow delivered full in its face by its own leaders. It is down, gasping for breath, trying to rally its senses, to decide upon its future course of action, perhaps upon new policies to solve the problems that confront it. Will the outcome be greater toleration, a better understanding, a sincere attempt to improve the relations between employers and workers for the benefit of both, of society as a whole?

A most serious situation confronts the employers. Labor is temporarily down. Will the employers gloat over its defeat, will they make use of the opportunity to strengthen their position for purely selfish ends? Will they, instead of allowing the law to temper justice with mercy in bringing other union offenders to bay, insist upon hounding down relentlessly every individual in the ranks of labor whom the law could possibly reach? Will they consider the McNamara plea simply as a tactical advantage, and continue the feud with greater vigor, with smaller regard for the rights of labor than ever? or is this plea to be a turning-point that may lead, if not to a complete cessation of the feud, at least to a better understanding?

In few cities has this feud been carried on with deeper bitterness than in the storm-center of the McNamara case in Los Angeles. In the rancor of its invective and denunciation the "Times" rivaled the most fanatical organ on the other side. But even in Los Angeles there has been no howl for the McNamaras' blood. No, not even the "Times" asked for it. Instead, a spirit of solemnity pervaded the utterances of the Los Angeles press following the defendants' sudden plea of guilty. Men strongly identified with the fight against the unions joined to ask clemency for the confessed criminals. Their motives have been attacked. The paper owned by W. E. Scripps, millionaire publisher, maintained that these men helped to bring about the plea of guilty on December 1 to influence the result of the municipal election on December 5, that the mayoralty candidate of the Socialists might be defeated. If labor organs elsewhere take up this cry, the plea of the McNamaras will be but an incident soon forgotten in the struggle. If, however, a broader view is taken, if the employers, realizing that they likewise share in the guilt resulting from the feud, sincerely endeavor to bring about peace and understanding, if labor and capital throughout the country will acknowledge their mistakes and honestly strive to see things from the other's point of view, then the twenty men who perished in the ruins of the "Times" plant will not have died in vain.

This is the psychological moment. "It is a fateful hour for labor; it is a fateful hour for the employers of labor; it is the hour for the cultivation of that true spirit of justice, equality, and fair play which is the solution of all these problems. To make the most of this fortunate outcome at this time, to get the best results from it for the general welfare, such will be the effort of the 'Times.'" These are the words of General Otis, proclaimed editorially the morning after the confession. If these sentiments are practiced, if the employers will meet labor half-way with utter sincerity, if labor will, in the same spirit, grasp the hand that is proffered, the plea of guilty may be of untold benefit to society. But the effort must be absolutely sincere. If it is not, if the employers, the legislatures, and the courts continue to disregard the need of economic legislation in the interest of the worker, that party which promises by political methods to overthrow the present economic system in its entirety will probably gain large accessions from the ranks of trade unions.

[Editorial comment on the Dynamite Case will be found on another page.]

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Home Making the Woman's Profession

A SERIES OF ARTICLES IN WHICH THE PROBLEMS OF THE HOME WILL BE DISCUSSED BY WOMEN OF WIDE PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

THE OUTLOOK begins a series of articles on the management of the home as one of the most complex, intellectual, and difficult of professions. The common view expressed by many leaders of the so-called woman's movement is that the housewife's work is drudgery and the housewife is a drudge, and that the way to liberate women is to give them opportunities for escaping from such drudgery and for relief from the position of drudge.

This series of articles will point out the fact that there is a better way. The articles will show from one point of view after another that there is no more drudgery in the work of the housewife than there is in the work of the lawyer or the editor or the physician or the politician or any other profession which women are these days being urged to enter; that, on the contrary, for the vocation of housewife there should be as careful technical education as there is to-day for the work of the physician, that the management of the house requires as much ingenuity and capacity as the management of the factory or a clerical force; that modern science can be harnessed to the use of the household just as it has been harnessed to the use of a steel works; that the mother of children has an opportunity for the use of skill in pedagogy not surpassed by the teacher, whether kindergartner or college professor; that co-operation between households in a community calls for as much art as that which is exercised by statesmen in securing political co-operation, or by the captain of industry in business combinations; that the atmosphere of the home is created by the same artistic sensibility on the part of the housewife as that which is called for in the manager of a playhouse or the curator of an art museum; that the beauty of a household environment depends upon the developed and educated taste of the housewife, just as the work of the architect and the landscape gardener is the product of the taste of the expert trained in architecture and landscape gardening. These important points will be taken up in a series of articles for The Outlook written by women of prominence and practical experience. Some of the subjects will be: the education of the housewife, science and the household, the housewife as teacher, the housewife as artist. Others will cover the different topics to which we have referred.

The Outlook believes that there is nothing more valuable that it could offer, not only to

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those who are leading in educational work along these lines, but to the multitude of men and women who as fathers and mothers are interested more in their several households than they are interested in any other subject in the world.

FIRST ARTICLE

WHAT IS THE HOME FOR?

BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUERE

MR. FREDERICK W. TAYLOR says that his book on "The Principles of Scientific Management" was written to show that the remedy for what the country is losing through inefficiency is general scientific management, which is a science resting upon clearly defined laws. In applying efficiency methods to industry Mr. Taylor has the advantage of knowing what each particular plant is trying to produce; but when we try to apply them to the largest, most universal business we have, that is to say, the business of home-making, we find that almost no one knows what the home is for.

Mr. Taylor's first experiment, which was to systematize the loading of pig iron, was a simple problem; given the pig iron, the cars, and the men—to insert the first into the second by means of the third. But in the problem of systematizing the household we have—given an income derived from some source unnamed, certain intelligence or the lack of it in certain individuals, certain physical strength, and certain elements of climate, temperament, occupation, and markets—to produce through the medium of a more or less permanent abiding-place the best results in the way of useful citizenship and personal happiness; the term "best" in this connection being necessarily undefined. It doesn't sound like the thing you could reduce to an equation.

And yet we need desperately to know just what proportion of money and brains and muscle is necessary to keep the average family group in a state advantageous to the community, and how, if the home is undersupplied with any of these three, it can substitute one of the others; money, brains, and muscle being interchangeable parts of the home-running machine. For the home is properly a machine to make something with, not a self-sufficient, dissociated fact. It is efficient not through its own internal harmony, but through its ability to produce something socially valuable.

The readiest attack on the problem of Home Efficiency is through the family budget.

Our materialistic and concrete minds feel their legs, so to speak, when they get down to the consideration of dollars and cents. Eliminating those households whose incomes are less than $1,000 a year, because they are on an economic level where no amount of brain and muscle can lift them to the point of social efficiency, and omitting from present consideration households with incomes over $6,000, we have left the great middle class, of which farmers and salaried men form the majority. To be sure, there are only half as many salaried men as farmers in the country; 2,615,852 of the former to 5,460,208 of the latter, according to the United States Statistical Abstract; but the salaried man is rapidly becoming the dominant type. A new caricature brought up to date wouldn't represent Uncle Sam as a farmer, lank, ill dressed, and provincial; it would show instead the nervous, clean-shaven man in business suit and stiff hat who crowds by day through city streets from New York to San Francisco to work or take orders, and crowds back again into the country to sleep. The salaried man is a standard product of our civilization, and the spending of his income will have to be standardized too if his home is to produce what society has a right to expect of it.

In the case of the salaried man, the spending of his standardized income of from $1,200 to $6,000 a year falls naturally into five divisions. Beginning in the order of necessity, they are: food; shelter; clothing; operating expenses, which include heat, light, furnishing, repairs, and general running expenses; and all the diverse needs which it is hard to label—education, savings, recreation, and the pleasures which make for social advancement.

These five divisions show clearly in the family budget of the Wells, of Massachusetts, which I have compiled and averaged from their account books. Mr. Wells has a salary

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of $2,400 a year, and the family now living at home is made up of four adults.

INCOME $2,400 A YEAR. FOUR ADULTS		Monthly.	Yearly.
Food		$42.00	$504.00
Shelter (mortgage, repairs, taxes)		$33.00	$396.00
Clothes		$16.00	$192.00
Operating costs:			
Help	$10.00		
Heat and light	8.00		
Car-fare	6.00		
Refurnishing	4.50	$28.50	$342.00
Advancement:			
Doctor, dentist, medicine	$11.00		
Church, charity	14.00		
Vacation, travel, books, amusement	3.25		
Incidentals	7.45		
Insurance (fire and life)	9.80		
Savings	35.00	$80.50	$966.00
		$200.00	$2,400.00

I have selected this particular family because they know what *they* want their home factory to turn out, which is more than most of us do, and they are succeeding in what they set out to do, which is still more unusual, and therefore the question of their household is purely one of its social efficiency.

The Wellses are not only American by birth, but by generations of tradition as well. Their parents pushed up out of the farming class by virtue of the thrift they practiced, and it is this inherited instinct of thrift that is the governing factor in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Wells. In 1881 they settled in a little Massachusetts town which has since become an almost fashionable suburb of Boston. Their family consists of two sons and a daughter, two of whom still live at home. They are satisfied with their success, and Mr. Wells has written how they achieved it.

"I just worked every day that it was possible for me to do so. I saved as fast as I could. If I got a dollar or two extra, I saved it. The children were some ambitious to get ahead. I tried to instill into their minds that with their help and the help and economy of their mother and myself they could have an education; and we went about it with a will. Bear in mind, it was our aim to lift them one step above the step mother and I stood on."

And they believe that they have done this by pushing their sons into the clerical occupations. Mr. Wells writes:

"Our oldest boy got a one-half scholarship in the ——, but we had car-fare, board, and books to pay for. Every vacation he worked and saved his money. In four years he was outfitted for the hardships of the world, and now he has a job keeping books and gets $90 a month. The next boy took a business course. He learned stenography and typewriting, and got a job at $50 a month. But he said he would not work long at those wages, and he is now secretary to the manager of the —— Co. at a salary of $150 a month. Jennie is still getting educated, but I expect she will turn out all right."

During the time when his children were growing up Mr. Wells was not earning half as much as he is now. It is the straight economy he and his wife practiced then, the muscle and brain they learned to substitute for money, which makes them able now to put $35 every month into the savings bank. That looks like admirable thrift. But their expense for vacations, travel, books, and amusements in their almost fashionable suburb, where many sorts of entertainment are to be had, is only $3.25 a month—$39 a year—while their expenses for illness amount to $132. The question will not down: if they had spent that $132 for vacations, wouldn't the $39 have been enough for the doctor? It seems to me that Mrs. Wells's letters may also shed some light on that excessive doctor's bill.

"Last year I kept help," she writes. "I paid her $10 a month and let her attend evening school and have time to study besides, but I think she cost as much again in food and what she wasted. So this year I do my own work and sometimes have a woman come in to wash."

Mrs. Wells also sheds light on the reason why the amount they spend on clothes is about half what the theoretic budget allows.

"Mr. W. and the boys always get their clothes ready made. A suit costs them about twenty dollars unless they get it at a sale. I have a dressmaker come to the house to make Jennie's and my clothes. My best dress costs about twenty-five dollars, and it generally wears me three years."

I have sometimes wished that Mrs. Wells wouldn't have all her clothes made at home, that she wouldn't consider her savings account too carefully when she buys a hat, that she wasn't so fond of golden oak furniture, quarter sawed and varnished high, that she knew the difference between scarlet and crimson and wouldn't use these good fast colors so profusely. This may sound like putting a carping emphasis on æsthetics;

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but is it? Have the Wellses done anything to justify them in turning loose an ugly home and ugly clothes on an unprotected community? The output of their domestic factory so far is two sons able to earn living salaries, who are useful to the community undoubtedly, but as easy to replace, if damaged, as any other standard products that come a dozen to the box. They themselves didn't like the upper reaches of the artisan class where they had spent their lives, so they boosted their sons till they could make a living by the sweat of their brains instead of the sweat of their brows. Society can use the Wells boys; but is it profitable to produce them at the price? The money that made these boys into clerks and stenographers cost twenty years of their parents' brain and muscle. For them Mrs. Wells has bred the habit of saving into her bones till now, when she might shift the flat-iron, the cook-stove, and the sewing-machine from her shoulders, she can't let go the $10 a month her "help" ate and wasted long enough to straighten up. They have cost their father twenty years which he sums up by saying:

"So, you see, the final result of making up your mind to do a thing, including the great trouble of bringing up a family, is just getting down to the ground and grinding."

Now, isn't it just possible that we have lost as much in the parents as we have gained in the children? Are we willing to pay that price for them? Couldn't we have got the same product some cheaper way?

Mr. Wells's philosophy, that you win by the things you go without, is an old, old road to success. It was beaten out at the time when there wasn't enough of anything to go round, and the man was more likely to survive who could get along on little than the one who needed a great deal to live. That road is growing full of weeds now, though such people as the Wellses still try to travel it, quite deaf to the good able-bodied Angel of Plenty crying warningly at the start, "Thou shalt not live by Thrift alone!"

Of course that ideal of thrift has been held up to us for generations, and it's no wonder that we are inclined to follow it still. And it is undoubtedly important to know the minimum income below which a family automatically eliminates itself. The charitable societies in New York City began working on the problem of how little food it took to sustain life more than half a century ago. In 1855 one of them announced:

"One of the most cheap, nourishing, and wholesome articles of food is Indian meal. Good meal costs at present one and a half cents a pound, but it is generally much lower. A pound of meal, when cooked, makes from two and a half to three pounds of food, and this will suffice for the daily support of a laboring man."

The latest estimate is that published in 1911 by the American School of Home Economics, that a man can be adequately fed on between twenty-five and thirty-five cents a day. The maximum of thirty-five cents is none too high. By combining this with the estimate of the United States Department of Agriculture, that a woman eats eight-tenths as much as a man; a girl of fourteen, seven-tenths; a boy of eleven, six-tenths; a child between two and five, four-tenths—we find the cost of food for an average family to be $1.22½ a day, or $447.12½ a year, to keep them physically efficient.

The cost of shelter differs so in different localities that it is almost impossible to strike any sort of an average. In New York City the minimum for health is $180 a year. I believe that a little less than 20 per cent of the middle-class income will give decent shelter in either city or town, though Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of Boston, allowed 20 to 25 per cent.

The minimum cost of clothing necessary to health is $100 a year in New York City, and that is less than in most other places. These are the extreme limits of thrift, and the Wells budget is not greatly above them.

Now, in contrast to the Wells home, its output and methods of operation, is the household of the Parnells, down on the edge of Kansas. As far as I have climbed their family tree I have found their ancestors living on their heads. Mrs. Parnell's father was a business man in a small Illinois city; Mr. Parnell's father was a doctor. They both belonged to the circle of those who toil and spin vicariously. Nineteen years ago Mr. and Mrs. Parnell took their two babies and settled as farmers on the Kansas prairie. So many people think it is easier to compete with the codling-moth, the chinch-bug, and the cutworm for the crops than with their human neighbors for a job!

The Parnells have gradually changed their open prairie into fields and farms. Some of these they have sold, some they rent to tenants, some they work themselves, and, as their income in recent years averages $4,000 a year, they have obviously succeeded. They

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have four children now, and are no longer farmers in the old sense of the word. They have changed with their environment, which the biologists tell us is quite the correct thing for a form of life that wishes to persist to do. Mrs. Parnell writes:

"Mother spent five weeks with me in July and August, and she said we were as much suburbanites as she is. You know she lives in Evanston, where most of the men do business in Chicago. And it is really true, for the city of —— has grown out toward us, and the trolley lines and good automobile roads have done the rest. I do not feel that I live in the country much more than you do. Why, I even belong to a club that is affiliated with yours in New York."

Now, if the Parnells were the average people—those mythical average people who are as detached from hampering peculiarities of temperament and locality as china dolls—they would spend their $4,000 a year like this, according to the accepted proportions:

Food	$1,000.00
Shelter	800.00
Clothes	600.00
Operating	600.00
Advancement	1,000.00
	$4,000.00

But, being real human beings, with particular problems of their own, they divide up their income on this plan:

INCOME, $4,000 A YEAR. FAMILY: FATHER, MOTHER, FOUR CHILDREN

Food		$600.00
Shelter (taxes, repairs, improvements, etc.)		475.00
Clothes		450.00
Operating		625.00
Advancement:		
College (son and daughter)	$1,000.00	
Insurance (fire and life)	148.00	
Vacation trips	200.00	
Gifts, charity, church	60.00	
Books, etc	50.00	
Miscellaneous	182.00	
Savings	200.00	1,850.00
		$4,000.00

They spend a good deal for food for farm people who could raise it all if they had to; a lot for operating expenses, since this does not include the cost of farm hands; a lot for education and trips; not much for clothes. In comment on her expenditures Mrs. Parnell writes:

"You ask me whether we have a garden, and I feel apologetic when I tell you that we have only the smallest kind of a one. There is no reason why we could not have all the fruit and vegetables we could use, for a few miles away from us there are apples to throw away, and gardens seem to just take care of themselves and put their produce in the cellar. I think the great reason why we go gardenless is the difficulty of getting farm hands. We need all we can get to do the regular field work, and never seem to have one to spare for vegetables. I suppose the children and I might do it ourselves, but such work takes a lot out of me, and I'd rather save some other way. We do, however, make our butter, eggs, and chickens defray the cost of living, and the profits from the stock and crops pay the taxes and repair the house, provide us with water and lighting plants and labor-saving machines, send the children to college, and pay for a trip now and then."

Mrs. Parnell insists that labor-saving machinery is an economy whether it pays in money or not. She says it not only saves her own strength, but the mental wear and tear of getting servants; that she doesn't have to ask a vacuum-cleaner if it wants to live in Kansas, or if it likes being a hired hand on the farm. She substitutes money for the muscle she might use in raising her own vegetables; spends money for service to save time to go to her club in town; saves money on clothes to send her children to college; and puts very little into the bank, anyway—sometimes none at all. Her house is not very perfect in the New England sense; her four romping offspring keep it rather dog-eared at the corners. She and her husband have undoubtedly worked hard, and they have been fortunate. They haven't sacrificed themselves greatly. Loading their pig iron has consisted in living happily themselves and fitting their children for the same sort of easy-going, happy lives after them.

"Just think," said an Eastern woman who was a school friend of Mrs. Parnell's, "Clara is sending her children to a *Western* college! Why, they've money enough so she could send them *anywhere?* Just think what they're missing—they'll never have the chance to be anything but farmers now! And Clara used to be *so* progressive!"

Mrs. Parnell would argue that she is a Middle West countrywoman, and is training her children for the same country life. She and her husband revolted against the prospect of being clerks or struggling professional people. They fled to the soil, and they still

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think that their children have the best chance of happiness and prosperity in farm life.

"The agricultural colleges seem to fit our needs better than any others," she writes. "The graduates whom we know find good openings as farmers or foresters or agricultural experts of some sort. I'm satisfied to give the children a good practical working education."

The Parnells have reversed the standards of the Wellses. They are on the other swing of the pendulum, and think the clerk, the bookkeeper, and the stenographer are people to be pitied. They are rather splashing through life, having a good time while they are at it, and they expect their children to do the same thing in their turn. Won't they have the same farm to do it on? Why should they need a chance to be anything else?

The Wellses would pity the Parnells because they save so little money. They would probably echo the sentiments of a shocked gentleman from Oregon who wrote me about a woman who spent all of her $3,000 income. He didn't see that this woman had proved anything except that she could get rid of $3,000 a year—and anybody could do that! If she had shown how she could *save* two-thirds of it, he thought it would have been worth while.

"I guess when she is old or when her husband dies she'll know more about the value of money than she does now," he concluded.

Perhaps she will! Perhaps Mrs. Parnell, too, will think regretfully of the money she might have saved; but, after all, the earth *can* produce enough each year to feed everybody, and is all one's life to be a preparation for possible misfortune? Are we to look forward to the future as inevitably calamitous? If trouble only comes late enough, you've little time to remember it and more chance to dodge it altogether—the mortality rates being what they are. The Wellses have been living through the privations of poverty for twenty years. I haven't much sympathy with the New England woman who could never afford anything to wear to tea parties because she must spend her money on a suit of black in case of possible funerals.

The methods of this salaried man and this farmer are not given as *models*, by any means. They are *examples* of how two families have actually made their homes turn out the sort of product they intended. In neither of these cases have the homes been run with reference to the needs of the democracy, but they do show how the incomes of money, brains, and strength have been spent. The Wells method was to save money, whatever else they had to spend to do it; they insisted on laying up treasures in the bank at the cost of health and strength and pleasure in order to provide for their own old age and give their children a start in the clerical occupations. The Parnells have always been ready to spend money to save strength, and are going gayly through life in the conviction that there will not be any "After us the Deluge" play set on our American stage. They have not mortgaged their farm for an automobile, but it is quite possible that they might. Sitting on the fence between approbation and condemnation of them both, I wonder whethe it is better to breed parsimony or extravagance into the bones of one's children. Was either of these homes really efficient? What is an efficient home, anyway, and how are we to produce it?

I suppose we should all be glad to have some one work out an efficient home for us, and let us have it ready made. We take this to mean, variously, rounded corners in the wainscoting, the height of the kitchen sink, ways of getting out the ashes without soiling the carpets, co-operative buying of supplies, the builder's last word in city flats, some profit-sharing scheme, started either by the down-trodden workingman or the high-minded philanthropist, some service-by-the-hour bureau from which somebody will send us the "born cook." We wait breathless for some mail-order house to offer these efficient, smooth-running homes ready to ship at so much the dozen f. o. b. We do not realize that a home is more than a complicated force-pump for getting what *we* want out of life, that it is a machine by which we are to return to the community what it has a right to expect from us, and efficient or not according to its social output.

[We repeat our request to readers to send us (not to be published under their names) statements about such things as their household accounts, the amount of their incomes, and the reasons why they spend them as they do; what they are giving to the community in the way of service, or of children educated to needed work; or of what they are doing to keep our common servants, the public schools, the sanitary boards, the libraries, up to their work of supplementing the home and increasing its efficiency.—THE EDITORS.]

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THE IRISH PLAYERS

INTRODUCTION BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE ABBEY THEATER BY JOHN QUINN

A NEW PLAY BY LADY GREGORY

IN the Abbey Theater Lady Gregory and those associated with her—and Americans should feel proud of the fact that an American, Mr. Quinn, was one of the first to give her encouragement and aid—have not only made an extraordinary contribution to the sum of Irish literary and artistic achievement, but have done more for the drama than has been accomplished in any other nation of recent years. England, Australia, South Africa, Hungary, and Germany are all now seeking to profit by this unique achievement. The Abbey Theater is one of the healthiest signs of the revival of the ancient Irish spirit which has been so marked a feature of the world's progress during the present generation; and, like every healthy movement of the kind, it has been thoroughly national and has developed on its own lines, refusing merely to copy what has been outworn. It is especially noteworthy, and is a proof of the general Irish awakening, that this vigorous expression of Irish life, so honorable to the Irish people, should represent the combined work of so many different persons, and not that of only one person, whose activity might be merely sporadic and fortuitous. Incidentally, Lady Gregory teaches a lesson to us Americans, if we only have the wit to learn it. The Irish plays are of such importance because they spring from the soil and deal with Irish things, the familiar home things which the writers really knew. They are not English or French; they are Irish. In exactly the same way, any work of the kind done here, which is really worth doing, will be done by Americans who deal with the American life with which they are familiar; and the American who works abroad as a make-believe Englishman or Frenchman or German—or Irishman—will never add to the sum of first-class achievement. This will not lessen the broad human element in the work; it will increase it. These Irish plays appeal now to all mankind as they would never appeal if they had attempted to be flaccidly "cosmopolitan;" they are vital and human, and therefore appeal to all humanity, just because those who wrote them wrote from the heart about their own people and their own feelings, their own good and bad traits, their own vital national interests and traditions and history. Tolstoy wrote for mankind; but he wrote as a Russian about Russians, and if he had not done so he would have accomplished nothing. Our American writers, artists, dramatists, must all learn the same lesson until it becomes instinctive with them, and with the American public. The right feeling can be manifested in big things as well as in little, and it must become part of our inmost National life before we can add materially to the sum of world achievement. When that day comes, we shall understand why a huge ornate Italian villa or French château or make-believe castle, or, in short, any mere inappropriate copy of some building somewhere else, is a ridiculous feature in an American landscape, whereas many American farm-houses, and some American big houses, fit into the landscape and add to it; we shall use statues of such a typical American beast as the bison—which peculiarly lends itself to the purpose—to flank the approach to a building like the New York Library, instead of placing there, in the worst possible taste, a couple of lions which suggest a caricature of Trafalgar Square; we shall understand what a great artist like Saint-Gaudens did for our coinage, and why he gave to the head of the American Liberty the noble and decorative eagle plume head-dress of an American horse-Indian, instead of adopting, in servile style, the conventional and utterly inappropriate Phrygian cap.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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LADY GREGORY AND THE ABBEY THEATER

BY JOHN QUINN

I WAS away from New York when the Abbey Theater company of Dublin first came here, and I did not see them play until the end of their first week. In writing to a friend to explain who they were and what they had accomplished, I pointed out the perfect naturalness of their acting, the simplicity of their methods, their freedom from all distracting theatricalism and "stage business," their little resort to gesture, the beautiful rhythm of their speech, the absence of extensive and elaborate scenery and stage-settings, and the delightful suggestion of spontaneity given by their apparently deliberate throwing away of technical accomplishments in the strict sense of the word. I said that too many theaters have costly scenery and expensive properties to cover the poverty of art in the play or the players, just as poor paintings are sold by dealers in big glaring gold frames; and that their acting, in comparison with the acting of many theaters, had the same refined quality, not always apparent at the first glance, that old Chinese paintings are seen to have when placed alongside of modern paintings by Western artists.

As I observed the fine craftsmanship of the actors, without a single false note, each seeming to get into the very skin of the part that he impersonated, my thoughts went back some eight or nine years to what were the beginnings of this whole enterprise.

On a Sunday in August in 1902 I traveled with Jack B. Yeats, the artist, from Dublin, through Mullingar to Athenry, and thence by side-car to Killeeneen, in County Galway. On the way from Athenry to Killeeneen we passed little groups of bright-eyed men and women, always with a hearty laugh and a cheery word "for the American" and "a pleasant journey to you." They were on their way to a "Feis" (or festival) that was to be held that afternoon at Killeeneen, where the blind Connacht poet Raftery was buried. The Feis was held on rising ground in a field beside the road. There were perhaps a hundred side-cars and other vehicles and five or six hundred men and women at the meeting. On a raised platform sat Dr. Douglas Hyde, the President of the Gaelic League; Edward Martyn from Tillyra Castle; Lady Gregory from Coole; and others in charge of the Feis. W. B. Yeats, the poet, and his brother, Jack B. Yeats, the artist, and myself stood in the crowd and watched the spectacle.

Yeats told me that Lady Gregory had heard some time before that there was in the neighborhood a book in Irish with songs of Raftery. She had found it in the possession of an old stone-cutter near Killeeneen. She got a loan of the book and gave it to Dr. Hyde, and he discovered in it seventeen of Raftery's songs. Douglas Hyde has since edited and translated a book of the songs and poems of Raftery, and he gives many interesting stories of the bard. He told me that Sunday that it was to the kindness of Lady Gregory that he owed many of his stories of Raftery. She had got, from a man who, when he was a boy, was present at Raftery's death, a full account of it. The poet was buried in the old churchyard of Killeeneen, among the people whom he knew. In August, 1900, there had been a great gathering there. Lady Gregory was the chief organizer of the gathering. She had raised a high stone over Raftery's grave with the name of the poet in Irish upon it. It was she who had thought of doing it, Dr. Hyde told me that Sunday afternoon, and it was upon her that the cost, or most of the cost, had fallen.

Prizes were given at the Feis for Irish singing, for the recitation of old poems, the telling of old stories all in Irish, and for traditional Irish dancing, flute-playing, and Irish music. A little girl from the Claddagh, the fishermen's quarter of Galway, took two or three of the prizes, and a week or ten days after, in going through the Claddagh, I saw her and spoke to her, and she remembered seeing me at the Feis. There was an old man there, and it took much persuasion to get him to mount the platform and tell his story. He hung back diffidently for a long time, but finally a lane was opened in the crowd and he got his courage up and marched bravely to the platform, and, gesticulating with a big blackthorn stick, made a great speech in Irish. Hyde translated parts of it for Yeats and me, and told us how the old man had boasted that he had been at Raftery's dying and had "held the candle to him."

Over the platform was a big green banner with letters in Irish on it and a picture of Raftery as an old man remembered him,

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painted by a sympathetic artist of the neighborhood. The Feis continued until some time after nightfall. The guests for Lady Gregory's place at Coole, some sixteen miles away, returned on two side-cars: Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats, and myself on one; Douglas Hyde, Mrs. Hyde, and Jack Yeats on the other.

It was black night when the lights of Coole welcomed us. Lady Gregory got down from the car first, and, turning to me and extending her hand, said, with a pleasant smile, "Welcome to Coole." I wish I could picture something of the charm that hangs around Coole, of its tangled woods, its stately trees, the lake, the winding paths, the two beautiful old gardens, and the view of the distant Burren hills. There seemed to be magic in the air, enchantment in the woods and the beauty of the place, and the best talk nd stories I ever found anywhere. The reat library was to me a delight, and Jack eats told me that Lady Gregory had made a catalogue of it herself. She seemed to me to have a strong sense of property, and took great pride in and had done her share in keeping up the fabled "Seven Woods of Coole," planting every year trees for the coming generation. And I remembered that Arthur Young in his "A Tour in Ireland" had referred to a visit that he made over a hundred years before to the Coole of that period, and had found the Gregory of that time walling and "improving his land with great spirit," and planting the trees which are now among the glories of the place.

Every summer for some years Yeats had spent several months at Coole. He is the best talker I have ever listened to, and he does love to talk. So long as he can amuse himself and interest others with good talk he will not write. Lady Gregory devoted herself to his work. With infinite tact and sympathy she has got the best out of him, and the world of letters owes it chiefly to her that in the last ten years Yeats has done so much creative work and has been able to devote himself so fully to the Irish theater. At Coole he had leisure and delightful surroundings which in London he could not have. He was able there to dream out and plan out his poems and his plays. She threw herself into his plans for work, worked with him, worked from his dictation, copied out his rough drafts, arranged his manuscripts for him, read out to him in the evenings from the great books of the world at times when his eyesight was poor and he could not read at night, and stimulated his genius by her helpful understanding of all his plans and ideas.

One of the chief charms of my repeated visits to Coole lay in the stores of good talk and anecdotes by Yeats and Hyde, who were there at the time of each of my visits, and in my interest in the genius and personality of Yeats and Lady Gregory. During the whole time of our visit the sparkle and brilliancy of the conversation never failed. Lady Gregory's interest in the people about her was untiring. With a power of work that any man of letters might envy, she had the faculty of laying aside her work and making all her guests enjoy to the full the pleasant side of life and the delights of social intercourse. Her enthusiasm was infectious, and those who came in contact with her—Yeats, Hyde, Synge, and the rest—became or were made her helpers and associates.

But with all Yeats's debt to her, she also owes much to him. He is the most disinterested of writers. I have known him to take infinite pains, make long journeys, and give hours and days of his time to encouraging other writers, starting them on the right way and giving them unfailing help and assistance. He is incapable of praising bad work even though it be by a friend, and incapable of condemning good work even though it be by an enemy. He was Lady Gregory's severest critic, and she owes to him a big debt for encouragement, criticism, and help in the writing of her books and plays, and because he "taught her her trade." He is, above all things, the man of letters. His mind is one of the most subtle I have ever known. He delights in discussing art and philosophy, and will talk for hours and hours on politics, diplomacy, and international affairs. I remember how interested he became in a volume of Nietzsche that I had with me, and how in reading out from it he quickly pointed out the resemblance of some of Nietzsche's ideas to Blake.

One morning Lady Gregory, Dr. Hyde, and myself wandered through one of the beautiful old gardens. She named over the names of this, that, and the other flower until Hyde said that if she just wrote down the names there was matter for a sonnet ready for Yeats. Yeats was very happy there, and he had just finished a poem on "The Seven Woods of Coole," and he was so pleased with it that he kept murmuring it over and over again, and these lines from it have remained in my memory still:

"I have heard the pigeons of the Seven Woods
Make their faint thunder, and the garden bees

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Hum in the lime tree flowers; and put away
The unavailing outcries and the old bitterness
That empty the heart. . . .
I am contented, for I know that Quiet
Wanders laughing and eating her wild heart
Among pigeons and bees."

Yeats, Hyde, and I used to sit up every night until one or two in the morning, talking, it seems to me, about everything and everybody under the sky of Ireland, but chiefly about the theater of which Yeats's mind was full. These were wonderful nights, long nights filled with good talk, Yeats full of plans for the development of the theater. The mornings were devoted to work, the afternoons to out-of-doors, and the evenings to the reading of scenarios for plays, the reading of short plays in English by Lady Gregory and in Irish by Hyde. Lady Gregory and Hyde read out to us from time to time their translations of Irish songs and ballads, in the beautiful English of her books and of Hyde's "Love Songs of Connacht." Yeats and Lady Gregory made a scenario of a play and Hyde spent three afternoons "putting the Irish on it." She has written how one morning she went for a long drive to the sea, leaving Hyde with a bundle of blank paper before him. When she returned in the evening, Dr. Hyde had finished the play and was out shooting wild duck. This play was "The Lost Saint." Dr. Hyde put the hymn in the play into Irish rhyme the next day while he was watching for wild duck beside the marsh. He read out the play to us in the evening, translating it back into English as he went along, and Lady Gregory has written how "we were all left with a feeling as if some beautiful white blossom had suddenly fallen at our feet."

At that time I was more interested in Yeats's writing and lyrical poetry and in Hyde's Gaelic revival than I was in Yeats's plans for an Irish theater. Yeats was more interested in the poetry that moves masses of people in a theater and in the drama than in what suffices to make up a book of lyric poetry that might lie on a lady's or gentleman's drawing-room table. I told Hyde and Yeats that that reminded me of Montaigne's saying that he had deliberately put indecencies into his essays because he hated the idea of those essays lying on women's tables.

Lady Gregory was then at work on her two great books, "Cuchulain of Muirthemne" and "Gods and Fighting Men." In these two books she brought together for the first time and retold in the language of the people of the country about her, in the unspoiled Elizabethan English of her own neighborhood, the great legends of Ireland. She did for the old Irish sagas what Malory did for the Knights of the Round Table, and fairly won the right to be known as the Irish Malory.

Another night I first heard the name of John M. Synge. Yeats told us how he had come upon Synge at a small hotel in Paris and persuaded him to come to Ireland, and of the wonderful book that he had written on the Aran Islands. Yeats and Lady Gregory had tried to have it published. I myself offered to pay the expense of making plates for it, but Yeats said that he wanted the book taken on its merits, even if Synge had to wait some years for a publisher.

Synge's debt to Yeats has not, I think, been fully appreciated. It was Yeats who persuaded him to drop the attempt to rival Arthur Symons as an interpreter of Continental literature to England, and to go back to Ireland and live among the people and write of the life that he knew best.

When Synge was writing his plays, poems, and essays he came often to Coole. Other guests there were George Russell, the poet and writer, Douglas Hyde, "John Eglinton," the brothers Fay, George Moore, and Bernard Shaw, and Lady Gregory's home really became a center of the literary life of Ireland of the last ten years.

From this great old house, almost covered by creeping vines, with the most beautiful garden I ever saw, the house in which were stored up so many memories of statesmen, soldiers, authors, artists, and other distinguished people, with its great library, its pictures, statues, and souvenirs gathered from many lands, nestling in the soft climate of the west of Ireland, under the gray skies and surrounded by the brilliant greens and rich browns of west of Ireland landscape, or bathed in the purple glow of the air as the sun declined, I carried away two vivid impressions: first, the realization of a unique literary friendship between the chatelaine and the poet Yeats; and, second, of the gentleness and energy of this woman, the stored-up richness of whose mind in the next eight or nine years was to pour forth essays, stories, farces, historical plays, and tragedies, and translations from Molière and Sudermann; and who has, at the cost of infinite time and pains, proved herself to be, with

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Yeats, the directing genius of the new Irish drama.

When I would come down to breakfast in the morning, I would be amazed to find that she had already done two hours of writing. Something of her initiative reappeared in her two nephews—the lamented Captain John Shawe Taylor, who brought together the Land Conference that did so much toward the peaceable and friendly settlement of the land question and the changing of land ownership in Ireland; and Sir Hugh Lane, who originated, endowed, and established the Dublin Gallery of Modern Painting, which is, according to the highest authorities, the best European gallery of modern art outside of Paris.

The next year in Dublin I saw a rehearsal of "The Shadow of the Glen" and other plays in a little hall. The actors were young men and women who worked in the daytime, none of them at that time drawing any pay from the theater. I must admit that I then supposed that this venture would go the way of its innumerable predecessors—endure for a few weeks and then vanish. But I was mistaken. I undervalued the tremendous energy, perseverance, and courage of its leaders, Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats, and John M. Synge; for it has all through required great patience, and not merely courage but audacity in the face of detraction, false friends, discouragement, and croakings of disaster meeting them from all sides. At no time during these years did either Lady Gregory or Yeats receive a penny of money or a penny of profit from their work for this theater. Douglas Hyde once told me that, apart from his lyric poetry, Yeats's greatest gift to Ireland was the drama. I should add that another gift of Yeats to Ireland was the introduction to the Irish drama of Lady Gregory and John M. Synge.

Ireland now has what it did not have when I first went there—two art centers that all Irishmen may be proud of, the Abbey Theater and the Municipal Gallery of Modern Painting. Some little time ago Bernard Shaw, writing of Dublin, said that he had returned there and had found it just as sleepy as of old, with the same old flies still crawling over the same old cakes in the windows, except for two things, the Modern Art Gallery and the Abbey Theater, which were the things showing an influx of new life.

In Dublin that year I spent several long evenings with Synge. He told me of his wanderings in Europe and of his fondness for the people of the west of Ireland and of the Aran Islands. Synge, like Yeats, was much interested in the problem of style, but in a different way. He knew the language of the Wicklow peasant and of the west of Ireland fisherman and of the Aran and Blasket Islanders. Synge came to his style in the same way that Lady Gregory came to hers, by his knowledge of and sympathy with the people who speak Elizabethan English in the west of Ireland, the English of King James's Bible. When Synge's "Playboy" was first produced in Dublin, it was hooted for a few nights by a few organized "patriots" who tried in vain to disprove the reputation that Irishmen are supposed to have of possessing a keen sense of humor. Synge was surprised, but not hurt or even annoyed, at the outburst. He was too much of an artist not to know that some people hate all beauty and that others attack strange beauty that they do not at the first sight understand. His chief fear seemed to be lest the outcry against "The Playboy" might hurt the theater or endanger the cause of his friends.

The first night that "The Playboy of the Western World" was given in New York it was preceded by "The Jail Gate," which is a mournful play; and when the merry row over "The Playboy" was at its height, I recalled the words of the Irish chieftain in Chesterton's "Ballad of the White Horse:"

> "His harp was carved and cunning,
> His sword was prompt and sharp,
> And he was gay when he held the sword,
> Sad when he held the harp.
>
> For the great Gaels of Ireland
> Are the men that God made mad,
> For all their wars are merry,
> And all their songs are sad."

This little company of Irish players and their directors have answered the question that is being so often asked in London and New York—how to make the theaters a success and yet give nothing that is not good art. They have done this, it seems to me, by courage in keeping to the road they have chosen, by nationality in keeping to the narrow limits to which they bound themselves—"works by Irish writers or on Irish subjects"—and by the deliberate simplicity of staging, by which expense is kept down and they are not driven to put on plays for the sake of profit only.

What lesson can America get from this example?

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MacDARAGH'S WIFE[1]

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY LADY AUGUSTA GREGORY

This new play by Lady Gregory, which as yet has not been acted or published, was written on the steamship which brought her to America. We feel sure that our readers will be interested in Lady Gregory's statement of the way in which the play came to be written.—THE EDITORS.

In my childhood there was every year at my old home, Roxborough, or, as it is called in Irish, Cregrostha, a great sheep-shearing that lasted many days. On the last evening there was always a dance for the shearers and their helpers, and two pipers used to sit on chairs placed on a corn-bin to make music for the dance. One of them was always MacDonough, or, as I have called him in this play, MacDaragh. He was the best of all the wandering pipers who went about from house to house. When, at my marriage, I moved from the barony of Dunkellin to the neighboring barony of Kiltartan, he came and played at the dance given to the tenants in my honor, and he came and played also at my son's coming of age. Not long after that he died. The last time I saw him he came to ask for a loan of money to take the train to Ennis, where there was some fair or gathering of people going on, and I would not lend to so old a friend, but gave him a half-sovereign, and we parted with kindly words. He was so great a piper that in the few years since his death myths have already begun to gather around him. I have been told that his father was taken into a hill of the Danes, the ancient invisible race, and they had taught him all their tunes and so bewitched his pipes that they would play of themselves if he threw them up on the rafters. MacDonough's pipes, they say, had not that gift, but he himself could play those inspired tunes. Lately I was told the story I have used in this play about his taking away fifty sovereigns from the shearing at Cregrostha and spending them at a village near. "I said to him," said the old man who told me this, "that it would be better for him to have bought a good kitchen of bacon; but he said, 'Ah, when I want more, I have but to squeeze the pipes.'" The story of his wife's death and burial as I give it has been told to me here and there. That is my fable, and the emotion disclosed by the story is, I think, the lasting pride of the artist of all ages:

"We are the music makers
And we are the dreamer of dreams. . . .
We in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth."

I wrote the little play while crossing the Atlantic in the Cymric just two months ago.—A. G.

SCENE: *A very poor room, with outer and inner door. Noises of a fair outside. A Hag sitting by the fire. Another standing by outer door.*

First Hag. Is there ere a sign of MacDaragh to be coming?

Second Hag. There is not. There were two or three asking for him, wanting him to bring the pipes to some spree-house at the time the fair will be at an end.

First Hag. A great wonder he not to have come, and this the fair day of Galway.

Second Hag. He not to come ere evening, the woman that is dead must go to her burying without one to follow her, or any friend at all to flatten the green scraws above her head.

First Hag. Is there no neighbor at all will do that much, and she being gone out of the world?

Second Hag. There is not. You said to ask Pat Marlborough, and I asked him, and he said there were plenty of decent women and of well-reared women in Galway he would follow and welcome, the day they would die, without paying that respect to one not belonging to the district or that the town got no good account of the time she came.

First Hag. Did you do as I bade you, asking Cross Ford to send in a couple of the boys she has?

Second Hag. What a fool I'd be asking her! I laid down to her the way it was: MacDaragh's wife to be dead, and he far out in the country, and no one belonging to her to so much as lift her coffin over the threshold of the door.

First Hag. What did she say hearing that?

Second Hag. She put a big laugh out of her, and it is what she said: "May the

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devil die with her, and it is well pleased the street will be getting quit of her, and it is hard say on what mountain she might be grazing now."

First Hag. There will no help come burying her, so.

Second Hag. It is too lofty MacDaragh was, and too high-minded, bringing in a woman was maybe no lawful wife, or no honest child itself, but it might be a bychild or a tinker's brat, and he giving out no account of her generations or of her name.

First Hag. Whether or no, she was a little giddy. But that is the way with MacDaragh. He is sometimes an unruly lad, but he would near knock you with his pride.

Second Hag. Indeed he is no way humble, but looking for attendance on her as if she was the youngest and the greatest in the world.

First Hag. It is not to humor her the Union men will, and they carrying her to where they will sink her into the ground, unless it might be MacDaragh might come back, and he having money in his hand, to bring in some keeners and some hired men.

Second Hag. He to come back at this time it is certain he will bring a fist-full of money.

First Hag. What makes you say that to be certain?

Second Hag. A troop of sheap-shearers that are on the west side of the fair, looking for hire from the grass farmers. I heard them laying down they met with MacDaragh at the big shearing at Cregroostha.

First Hag. What day was that?

Second Hag. This day week for the world.

First Hag. He has time and plenty to be back in Galway ere this.

Second Hag. Great dancing they had and a great supper at the time the shearing was at an end and the fleeces lodged in the big sacks. It is MacDaragh played his music through the night-time. It is what I heard them saying, "He went out of that place weightier than he went into it."

First Hag. He is a great one to squeeze the pipes surely. There is no place ever he went into but he brought the whip out of it.

Second Hag. His father was better again, they do be saying. It was from the other side he got the gift.

First Hag. He did, and from beyond the world, where he befriended some in the forths of the Danes. It was they taught him their trade. I heard tell he to throw the pipes up on top of the rafters they would go sounding out tunes of themselves.

Second Hag. He could do no more with them than what MacDaragh himself can do—may ill luck attend him! It is inhuman tunes he does be making; unnatural they are.

First Hag. He is a great musician surely.

Second Hag. There is no person can be safe from him the time he will put his come hither upon them. I give you my word he set myself dancing reels one time in the street, and I making an attack on him for keeping the little lads miching from school. That was a great scandal to put upon a decent woman.

First Hag. He to be in the fair to-day and to take the fancy, you would hear the nailed boots of the frieze-coated man footing steps on the sidewalk.

Second Hag. You would, and it's likely he'd play a notion into the skulls of the pampootied boys from Aran they to be kings of France or of Germany till they's go lift their head to the clouds and go knocking all before them. And the police it is likely laughing with themselves as if listening to the talk of the blackbird would be perched upon a blessed bush.

First Hag. I wonder he did not come. Could it be he might be made away with for the riches he brought from Cregroostha? It would be a strange thing now he to be lying and his head broke, at the butt of a wall, and the woman he thought the whole world of to be getting her burial from the workhouse. (*A sound of pipes.*)

Second Hag. Whist, I tell you! . . . It's the sound of the pipes. It is MacDaragh, it is no other one.

First Hag (*getting up*). I'm in dread of him coming in the house. He is a hasty man and wicked and he vexed. What at all will he say and she being dead before him? Whether or no, it will be a sharp grief to him, she to scatter and to go. . . . He might give me a backstroke and drive me out from the door.

Second Hag. Let you make an attack upon himself before he will have time to make his own attack.

MacDaragh (*coming in*). Catherine! Where is she? Where is Catherine?

First Hag. Is it readying the dinner before you, or wringing out a shirt for the Sunday, like any good slave of a wife, you are used to find your woman, MacDaragh?

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MacDaragh. What call would she have stopping in the house with the withered like of yourself? It is not to the crabbed talk of a peevish hag a handsome young woman would wish to be listening, and sport and funning being in the fair outside.

First Hag. Go look for her in the fair so, if it is gadding up and down is her habit, and you being gone out from her sight.

MacDaragh (*shaking her*). Tell me out, where is she?

First Hag. Tell out what harbor were you yourself in from the day you left Cregroostha?

MacDaragh. Is it that she got word . . . or that she was tired waiting for me?

First Hag. She is gone away from you, MacDaragh.

MacDaragh. That is a lie, a black lie.

First Hag. Throwing a lie in a decent woman's face will not bring you to the truth.

MacDaragh. Is it what you are laying down that she went away with some other man? Say that out if you have courage, and I'll wring your yellow windpipe.

First Hag. Leave your hand off me and open the room door, and you will see am I telling you any lie.

MacDaragh (*goes to door, then stops*). She is not in it. She would have come out before me and she hearing the sound of the pipes.

First Hag. It is not the sound of the pipes will rouse her, or any sound made in this world at all.

MacDaragh (*trembling*). What is it?

First Hag. She is gone and she is not living.

MacDaragh. Is it to die she did? (*Clutches her.*)

First Hag. Yesterday, and the bells ringing, she turned her face to the south and died away. It was at the hour of noon I knew and was aware she was gone. A great loss it to be at the time of the fair, and all the lodgers that would have come into the house.

MacDaragh. It is not truth. . . . What would ail her to die?

First Hag. The makings of a child that came before its time, God save the mark! She made a bad battle at the last.

MacDaragh. What way did it fail you to send me out messengers seeking me when you knew her to be done and dying?

First Hag. I thought she would drag another while. There was no time for the priest itself to overtake her, or to put the little dress of the Virgin in her hand at the last gasp of death.

(*MacDaragh goes into the room. He comes out as if affrighted, leans his head against the wall, and breaks into a prayer in Irish: "An Athair tha in Naomh, dean trocaire orainn! A Dia Righ an Domhain, dean trocaire orainn! A Muire Matair Dia, dean trocaire orainn!"*

Second Hag (*venturing near*). Do not go fret after her, MacDaragh. She could not go through the world forever, and traveling the world. It might be that trouble went with her.

MacDaragh. Get out of that, you hags, you witches you! You croaking birds of ill luck! It is much if I will leave you in the living world and you not to have held back death from her!

Second Hag. That you may never be cross till you will meet with your own death! What way could any person do that?

MacDaragh. Get out the door and it will be best for you!

Second Hag. You are talking fool's talk and giving out words that are foolishness! There is no one at all can put away from his road the bones and the thinness of death.

MacDaragh. I to have been in it he would not have come under the lintel! Ugly as he is and strong, I would be able for him and would wrestle with him and drag him asunder and put him down! Before I would let him lay his sharp touch on her I would break and would crush his naked ribs and would burn them to lime and scatter them!

First Hag. Where is the use raving? It is best for you to turn your hand to the thing has to be done.

MacDaragh. You to have stood in his path he might have brought you away in her place! That much would be no great thing to ask and your life being dead and in ashes.

First Hag. Quieten yourself now where it was the will of God. She herself made no outcry and no ravings. I did my best for her, laying her out and putting a middling white sheet around her. I went so far as to smoothen her hair on the two sides of her face.

MacDaragh (*turning to inner door*). Is it that you are gone from me, Catherine, you that were the blossom of the branch! (*Old woman moans.*)

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It is a bad case you to have gone and to have left me as lonesome after you as that no one ever saw the like! (*The old woman moans after each sentence.*)

I to bring you traveling—you were the best traveler, and the best stepper, and the best that ever faced the western blast, and the waves of it blowing the shawl from you! I to be sore in the heart with walking you would make a smile of a laugh. I would not feel the road having your company; I would walk every whole step of Ireland!

I to bring you to the dance-house you would dance till you had them all tired, the same in the late of the day as in the commencement! Your steps following quick on one another the same as hard rain on a flagstone! They could not find your equal in all Ireland or in the whole ring of Connemara!

What way did it fail me to see the withering of the branches on every bush, as it is certain they withered the time laughter died with your laugh! The cold of winter has settled on the hearth. My heart is closed up with trouble!

First Hag. It is best for us shut the door and keep out the noises of the fair.

MacDaragh. Ah, what sort at all are the people of the fair to be doing their bargaining and clutching after their luckpenny, and she being stark and quiet!

First Hag. She has to be buried ere evening. There was a messenger of a clerk came laying that down.

MacDaragh. May ill luck attend him! Is it that he thinks she that is gone has no person belonging to her to wake her through the night-time?

First Hag. He sent his men to coffin her. She will be brought away in the heel of the day.

MacDaragh. It is a great wake I will give her. It would not be for honor she to go without that much. Cakes and candles and drink and tobacco! The table of this house is too narrow. It is from the neighbors we should borrow tables.

First Hag. That cannot be. It is what the man said, "This is a common lodging-house. It is right to banish the dead from the living." He has the law with him and custom. There is no use you thinking to go outside of that.

MacDaragh. My lasting grief it will be I not to get leave to show her that respect.

First Hag. "There will a car be sent," he said, "and two boys from the Union for to bear her out from the house."

MacDaragh. Men from the Union, are you saying? I would not give leave to one of them to put a hand anigh or anear her! It is not their car will bring her to the grave. That would be the most pity in the world.

First Hag. You have no other way to bring her on her road. It is best for you give in to their say.

MacDaragh. Where are the friends and the neighbors that they would not put a hand under her?

First Hag. They are after making their refusal. They spoke despisingly, not pitiful, mocking and making a humbug of us. She was not well liked in Galway. There is no one will come to her help.

MacDaragh. Is that truth, or is it lies you have made up for my tormenting?

First Hag. It is no lie at all. It is as sure as the winter's frost. You have no one to draw to but yourself.

MacDaragh. It is mad jealous the women of Galway were and wild with anger, and she coming among them that was seventeen times better than their best! My bitter grief I ever to have come next or near them or to have made music for the lugs or for the feet of wide crooked hags! That they may dance to their death to the devil's pipes and be the disgrace of the world! It is a great slur on Ireland and a great scandal they to have made that refusing! That the Corrib River may leave its merings and rise up out of its banks till the waves will rise like mountains over the town and smother it, with all that is left of its tribes!

First Hag. Be whist now, or they will be angered and they hearing you outside in the fair.

MacDaragh. Let their day not thrive with the buyers and the sellers in the fair! The curse of mildew on the tillage men, that every grain of seed they have sowed may be rotten in the ridges and the grass corn blasted from the east before the latter end of harvest! The curse of the dead on the herds driving cattle and following after markets and fairs! My own curse on the big farmers slapping and spitting in their deal! That a blood murrain may fall upon their bullocks! That rot may fall upon their flocks and maggots make them their pasture and their prey between this and the great feast of Christmas! It is my grief every hand in the fair not to be set shaking and be crookened where

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they were not stretched out in friendship to the fair-haired woman that is left her lone within boards!

Second Hag (*at door*). Is it a niggard you are grown to be, MacDaragh, and you with riches in your hand? Is it against a new wedding you are keeping your pocket stiff, or to buy a house and an estate, that it fails you to call in hired women to make a right keening, and a few decent boys to lift her through the streets?

MacDaragh. I to have money or means in my hand I would ask no help or be beholden to any one at all.

Second Hag. If you had means, is it? I heard by true telling that you have money and means. "At the sheep-shearers' dance a high lady held the plate for the piper; a sovereign she put in it out of her hand, and there was no one of the big gentry but followed her. There never was seen so much riches in any hall or home." Where now is the fifty gold sovereigns you brought away from Cregroostha?

MacDaragh. Where is it?

Second Hag. Is it that you would begrudge it to the woman is inside?

MacDaragh. You know well I would not begrudge it. . . .

First Hag. A queer thing you to speak so stiff and to be running down all around you, and your own pocket being bulky the while.

MacDaragh (*turning out pocket*). It is as slack and as empty as when I went out from this.

Second Hag. You could not have run through that much.

MacDaragh. Not a red halfpenny left, or so much as the image of a farthing.

First Hag. Is it robbed and plundered you were, and you walking the road?

MacDaragh (*sitting down and rocking himself*). I wish to my God it was some robber stripped and left me bare! Robbed and plundered! I was that, and by the worst man and the unkindest that ever was joined to a woman or lost a woman, and that is myself.

First Hag. Is it to lose it unknownst you did?

MacDaragh. What way did I lose it, is it? I lost it knowingly and of my own will. Thrown on counters, thrown on the drink-house floor, given for spirits, given for porter, thrown for drink for friends and acquaintances, for strangers and strollers and vagabonds. Scattered in the parish of Ardrahan and at Labane cross. Tramps and schemers lying drunk and dead drunk at the butt of every wall. (*Buries head in his hands.*)

First Hag. That is what happened the gold yourself and the pipes had won. You made no delay doing that much. You have a great wrong done to the woman inside where you left her burying bare.

Second Hag. She to be without a farthing dip for her corpse and you after lavishing gold.

First Hag. You have a right to bruise your knees making repentance, you that lay on the one pillow with her. You to be putting curses upon others and making attacks on them! I would make no complaint you to be naked at your own burying and the very hour of death, and the rain falling down on your head.

MacDaragh. Little I mind what happen me. There is no word you can put out of your mouth can do me any injury at all. Oh, Catherine, it is best for me go hang myself out of a tree, and my carcass to be torn by savage dogs that went famished through a great length of time, and my bones left without a token or a flag or a headstone, and my name that was up at one time to be forgotten out of mind! (*He bursts out sobbing.*)

First Hag. The shadows should be lengthening in the street. Look out would you see the car to be coming.

Second Hag. It was a while ago at the far corner of the fair. They were but waiting for the throng to lessen.

First Hag. They are making too much delay.

Second Hag. I see a hint of the livery of the Workhouse coming through the crowd.

First Hag. The men of the Union are coming to bring her away, MacDaragh. There is nothing more to be done. She will get her burial from the rates.

MacDaragh. Oh, Catherine, Catherine! Is it I myself have brought you to that shame and that disgrace!

Second Hag. You are making too much of it. Little it will signify and we to be making clay who was it dug a hole through the nettles or lifted down the sods over our head.

First Hag. That is so. What signifies she to be followed or to be going her lone, and her eyes being shut to the world?

MacDaragh. Is that the thought ye have within ye, ye Galway hags? It is easy known it is in a trader's town you were bred, and in a street among dealers.

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First Hag. I was but saying it does not signify.

MacDaragh. But I say it does signify! I will tell that out to you and the world! That might be the thought of a townsman or a trader, or a rich merchant itself that had his estate gained by trafficking, for that is a sort does be thinking more of what they can make out of the living than of keeping a good mamorey of the dead!

First Hag. There are worthier men than yourself, maybe, in shops and in storehouses.

MacDaragh. But I am of the generations of Orpheus and have in the breed of his master! And of Raftery and Callinan and O'Daly and all that made sounds of music from this back to the foundations of the earth! And as to the rich of the world, I would not humble my head to them. Let them have their serving men and their laborers and messengers will do their bidding. But the servant I myself command is the pipes that draws its breath from the four winds, and from a wind is beyond them again, and at the back of the winds or the air. She was a wedded woman and a woman having my own gold ring on her hand and my own name put down with hers in the book. But she to have been a shameless woman as ye make her out to be or sold from tinker to tinker on the road it is all one! I will show Galway and the world that it does signify, that it is not fitting MacDaragh's wife to travel without company and good hands under her and good following on the road. Play now, pipes, if you never played before! Call to the keeners to follow her with screams and beating of the hands and calling out! Set them crying now with your sound and with your notes, as it is often you brought them to the dance-house! (*Goes out and plays a lament at door.*)

First Hag. It is queer and wild he is, cutting his teeth and the hair standing on him.

Second Hag. Some high notion he has, calling them to show honor to her as if she was the Queen of the Angels.

First Hag. To draw to silence the whole fair did. Every person is moving towards this house.

(*A murmur as of people. MacDaragh comes in, stands at door, looking out.*

MacDaragh. I squeeze the pipes as a challenge to the whole of the fair, gentle, noble, and simple, the poor and the high up. Come hither and cry Catherine MacDaragh, give a hand to carry her to the grave! Come to her aid, tribes of Galway, Lynches and Blakes and Frenches! MacDaragh's pipes give you that command, that have learned the lamentation of the Danes.

Come follow her on the road, trades of Galway, the fishermen, and the carpenters, and the weavers! It is by no short road we will carry her that never will walk any road from this out! By Williamsgate, beside Lynch's gallows, beside the jail of the hangings, the salmon will make their leap as we pass!

Men at Door. We will. We will follow her, MacDaragh.

Another. Give us the first place!

Others. We ourselves will carry her!

MacDaragh. Faith, Catherine, you have your share and your choice this day of fine men asking to carry you and to lend you their strength.

I will give no leave to traffickers to put their shoulder under you, or to any that made a refusal, or any seaside man at all.

I will give leave to no one but the sheep-shearers from Exerkelly, from Moneen and Cahirlinny and the whole stretch of Cregroostha. It is they have friendship for music, it is they have a wish for my four bones.

(*Sheep-shearers come in. They are dressed in white flannel. Each has a pair of shears at his side. The first carries a crook.*

First Sheep-Shearer. Is it within there she is, MacDaragh?

First Hag. Go in through the door. The boards are around her and a clean quilt over them. Have a care not to leave down your hands on it and they maybe being soiled with the fair. (*They take off their hats and go in.*)

MacDaragh (*turning to her door*). If you got no great honor from your birth up, and went barefoot through the first of your youth, you will get great respect now and will be remembered in the times to come.

There is many a lady dragging silk skirts through the lawns and the flower knots of Connacht will get no such grand gathering of people at the last as you are getting on this day.

It is the story of the burying of MacDaragh's wife will be written in the book of the people!

(*Sheep-shearers appear at inner door. MacDaragh goes out, squeezing the pipes. Triumphant music is heard from outside.*

Curtain.

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JOLLY WAT

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND C. W. STUBBS, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF TRURO
SUGGESTED BY AN EPISODE IN A FIFTEENTH CENTURY MIRACLE PLAY
MUSIC BY T. TERTIUS NOBLE, ORGANIST AND MASTER OF THE CHOIR, YORK MINSTER

In a swinging manner
f
1. Twas jol - ly jol - ly Wat, my foy, He was a good - man's
mf
shep - herd boy, And he sat by his sheep On the hill - side so steep, And
cresc.
f
ff
f
piped..... this song,.... Ut hoy!..... Ut hoy!..... O
ff
mer - ry mer - ry sing for joy, Ut hoy!.....

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I

'Twas jolly jolly Wat, my foy,
He was a goodman's shepherd boy,
And he sat by his sheep
On the hillside so steep,
And piped this song:
Ut hoy! Ut hoy!
O merry merry sing for joy,
Ut hoy!

II

Adown from Heav'n that is so high
There came an angel companye,
And on Bethlehem hill
Through the night-tide so still
Their song outrang:
On high, on high,
O glory be to God on high,
On high!

III

Now must Wat go where Christ is born,
Yea, go and come again to-morn.
And my pipe it shall play,
All my heart it doth say
To Shepherd King:
Ut hoy! Ut hoy!
O merry merry sing for joy,
Ut hoy!

IV

O peace on earth, good will to men,
The angels sang again, again,
For to you was He born
On this Christmas morn.
So sing we all:
On high, on high,
O glory be to God on high,
On high!

V

Jesu my King, it's naught for Thee,
A bob of cherries, one, two, three,
But my tar-box and ball,
And my pipe, I give all
To Thee, my King.
Ut hoy! Ut hoy!
O merry merry sing for joy,
Ut hoy!

VI

Farewell, herd-boy, saith Mary mild.
Thanks, jolly Wat, smiled Mary's Child,
For fit gift for a king
Is your heart in the thing.
So pipe you well,
For joy, for joy!
O merry merry sing for joy,
Ut hoy!

The Palace, Truro, 1911.

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TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST[1]

EVERY American who hopes that his countrymen will in due time contribute their share to the creative art of the world must feel a keen satisfaction when an American book over seventy years of age shows a physical vitality and a freshness of spirit that promise for it literary immortality. "Two Years Before the Mast" is such a book. In reviewing recently one of the two noteworthy editions of this work that have been published this autumn The Outlook defined it as "a classic of sea travel." Like all great literary classics, this remarkable human document has had a checkered and adventurous career. The author's son tells us in his preface to the Houghton Mifflin edition that William Cullen Bryant, the poet, interested himself in its publication while Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was still a law student twenty-two years of age. "The most, however, that the elder Dana [the author's father] and Bryant were able to get from the publishers was two hundred and fifty dollars, so that modest sum, with two dozen printed copies, was all the author received at that time for this most successful book"—successful because it was immediately recognized all over the world as an original creation. It was at once translated into several European languages, and the London publisher of a popular English edition "sent Mr. Dana not only presentation copies but, as a voluntary honorarium, there being no international copyright at that time, a sum of money larger than" the original American publisher "gave him for the manuscript." Twenty-eight years later Mr. Dana brought out an "author's edition," with important revisions and additions, through the Boston house of Fields, Osgood & Co., whose successors, the Houghton Mifflin Company, in association with the author's family, have published the present volume.

While the original narrative, as is the case with all great classics, possesses a universal interest that cannot be affected by time or place and belongs now to the world, to be printed and read, like "Robinson Crusoe" or "Paul and Virginia" or the travels of Marco Polo, by anybody who chooses, the Houghton Mifflin edition will be consulted (in conjunction with the exceedingly interesting biography of the author[1]) by all those who are interested in seeing how a stirring narrative of adventure may produce great social and political reforms.

That Dana had a social purpose in writing "Two Years Before the Mast" is made clear by the following passage from his son's preface to the present edition:

> In writing the book Mr. Dana had a motive which inspired him to put into it his very best. The night after the flogging of his two fellow-sailors off San Pedro, California, Mr. Dana, lying in his berth, "vowed that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that class of beings with whom my lot has been so long cast." This vow he carried out in no visionary scheme of mutiny or foolish "paying back" to the captain, but by awakening a "strong sympathy" for the sailors "by a voice from the forecastle," in his "Two Years Before the Mast."

The intolerable conditions, even up to the present day, of the life of the sailor before the mast are dispassionately but vividly described by Richard Henry Dana, 3d, the author's son, in the chapter appended to the present edition entitled "Seventy-six Years After." No one who has not made a voyage on a sailing vessel of the American or English merchant service can realize what these conditions are. The writer of these lines, just fifty years after Dana completed his two years of life before the mast, spent nine months at sea making a voyage around the Cape of Good Hope from New York to Australia in an American bark of twelve hundred tons (Dana's vessel was of only one hundred and eighty tons burden), and from Australia to London around Cape Horn in an English bark of similar size. That he was not entirely a "land lubber" may be inferred from the fact that the captain of the American bark, whose crew deserted at Melbourne, offered him the berth of third mate for the voyage home by way of Hongkong and Manila. And he here testifies to the fact that, even with all the reforms of the Plimsoll legislation in England, which "Two Years Before the Mast" had much influence in shaping, and even admitting cheerfully that both vessels were skillfully and humanely officered and the sailors were well fed as merchant vessels go, the men in the fo'c's'l or before

[1] Two Years Before the Mast. By Richard Henry Dana, Jr. With a Supplement by the Author and Introduction and Additional Chapter by his Son. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. $1.50.

[1] Richard Henry Dana, Jr.: A Biography. By Charles Francis Adams. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 2 vols. $4.

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the mast were treated little better than domestic animals. A bloody mutiny over the food, the loss overboard of a sailor whose family never could be notified because the ship's officers did not know his name or home, the rescue in mid-ocean in the tropics of the crew of a Norwegian bark who were lying about the deck of their vessel incapacitated and dying of scurvy (which is caused by improper food and is entirely preventable), and the "shanghai-ing" of the second mate in Melbourne by a boarding-house "crimp" after a two weeks' drunken spree, make up the record in brief of the American bark. When it is said in excuse that such sailors are brutes, the just reply is that they are made brutes by their brutal treatment. Those who really want to know the conditions under which the forecastle sailor lived, and, alas! still lives, should read Mr. Dana's chapter "Seventy-six Years After."

In the Plimsoll legislation the present reviewer has a peculiar interest. Samuel Plimsoll, an English philanthropist and Member of Parliament in 1876, partly influenced by his reading of "Two Years Before the Mast," succeeded, in the face of the greatest opposition, in effecting the passage by Parliament of certain legislation promoting the safety and welfare of the British seaman. What is known as the "Plimsoll Mark" is one of the fruits of this legislation. It is a mark conspicuously painted on the hull of every British merchant vessel which must not be submerged by the loading of the vessel. This, of course, prevents overloading and gives the vessel sufficient "freeboard," as it is called, to keep it from swamping and foundering in a high sea. Every British and American sailor knows and honors the Plimsoll Mark, which has, no one knows how often, prevented grasping and well-insured owners from sending their crews to death in unseaworthy vessels. Nine years after the establishment of this simple safety device the present reviewer lay two days in the harbor of Melbourne while the authorities compelled the bark on which he was to "round the Horn" to discharge fifty tons of cargo that had overloaded her and submerged the Plimsoll Mark, thus making her unseaworthy and dangerous. The voyage was so tempestuous and the vessel, even with this relief, "labored" so that her Plimsoll Mark may very reasonably be said to have kept her afloat.

It is this experience that leads the present reviewer to lay special emphasis upon the social and political influence of Mr. Dana's work. There is much talk nowadays of the need of reviving American deep-sea shipping. One way to revive it is to improve the conditions under which the sailor lives and labors. The United States navy has greatly increased its efficiency by giving attention to the wants, the comforts, and the character of the "bluejackets." One only needs to read the circulars and booklets issued by the Navy Department to appreciate the importance which the Government attaches to the welfare of "the man behind the gun." Those who desire the revival of American shipping should attach a similar importance to the welfare of the man before the mast. Weevilly food, wet forecastles, high-priced "slop-chests," and "crimp" boarding-houses never have given us and never will give us American able seamen.

DECEMBER SILENCE

BY ETHEL BARSTOW HOWARD

White-stoled December now is minister
To Nature's rest ere the new-rising year.
This is that solemn hour when, snow-wrapt deep
As for eternity, old Earth doth sleep:
While the white priest of bated life moves by
Along the aisles o' the pines and holds on high
The cup of Silence, like the Sacred Host.
Now in the air hangs the thin silver frost
Like breath of angels, and in spaces clear
Immeasurably far, yet strangely near,
Out of the plains of dimming sunset gold
Great stars bloom, palpitant, gem-pure, and cold.

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THE SPECTATOR

NOT half enough is made—in print at least—of the educational advantages of the smoking-car. The Spectator wouldn't give up the curious lore he has salvaged out of the haze of bad tobacco for—well, almost for a trip to Europe. His last investment of a match brought him an invitation to drop in, out of working hours, upon the manager of a certain great amusement park. The Spectator has long nourished a secret curiosity to know the inside of the showman's business. So, at the first opportunity, drop he did.

The manager was hearty, but speedy. "Too bad you're so early, old man," said he. "We're scarcely tuned up. Still, what'll you have? Shoot the chutes? Old Mill? Hell Gate? or what?" He began dealing out passes with a lavish hand. The Spectator hastily protested he didn't care for fifty-seven varieties of curious locomotion; but he *would* like to see behind the scenes in the trained animal show. The manager looked at his watch. "Nothing doing there now. Most likely the trainers are working the beasts." "What, training?" cried the Spectator, eagerly. "Oh, could I—" The manager scrawled a word and tossed a card across the desk. "There you are," said he. And almost before the Spectator could take himself out the great man was deep in the business litter on his desk.

An involuntary gasp of pleasure burst from the Spectator when, the card having dissolved all barriers, he stood within the wild animal arena. But for the strong cage bars between him and the living picture, it might have been a forest fantasy by F. S. Church that met his eyes. In the center of the exhibition cage a lovely girl in white, roses in the dark hair massed on her slender neck, crouched in the midst of a group of great spotted leopards, a fuzzy little leopard cub cuddled against her cheek. The big cats lay on the hem of the girl's dress, and one, wearing a particularly bored expression, rested his heavy head on her knee while she stroked his splendid coat and playfully tested his strong claws. As unconscious she seemed as if playing with a family of kittens. A second later the Spectator understood. Out among the seats, where an audience might have been, showed the black bulk of a big camera. The haughtily beautiful Juanita was being unconscious to excellent purpose! All the same, the Spectator congratutated himself on having surprised a showman's secret. The "danger" of animal training—it was evidently a myth of the ingenious press agent. Why, see! The photographer complaining that the six great spotted heads were too nearly on a level, the girl stooped and with her one free hand dragged a snarling beast out of line by a mighty pull at the nape of his neck! Bah! These trained leopards were as spiritless as sheep!

The Spectator had still something to learn. The click of the shutter announcing an exposure consummated, the picture behind the bars straightway dissolved. One by one Juanita drove her spotted cats up on their pedestals, while an assistant rolled into the cage a big ball. It appeared that Prince, the prize performer, was to be snap-shotted in the act of springing from his perch to the uneasy surface of the ball. The word was given, the man behind the camera stood tense, the beast leaped—and missed by an inch, coming down clumsily with one paw on the sphere. On the instant an electric thrill ran through the place, a startling whisper, "Look out!" A pair of dirty grooms lounging against the bars sprang suddenly to life, revolvers cocked and sighted. Juanita, her playfulness gone, her mouth set in a hard line, menaced the erring leopard where he stood lashing his tail and snarling, the picture of sullen rage. Her whip, till now carried like a fan, cracked furiously around the beast's cruel jaws. Uttering a deep feline curse, the leopard steadily defied her. Sedition spread to the row of mild-mannered cats behind. One by one they slunk from their pedestals and had to be driven back with blows and obloquy. It was just such a tussle as is enacted daily in every animal show the world over. And of course the trainer won. Why, then, as the sullen beast retired, beaten, to his pedestal, did the habitués of the arena breathe an audible sigh of relief? Why the gun-play, since there was no gullible audience to be impressed?

The Spectator referred the question to an amiable youth lounging over the back of his chair as if he belonged to the place. "That was a near thing," he said seriously, with a shake of his head. "You see, an animal don't like to miss. He might have got her. Animals is all right as long as you keep 'em doing what they know they gotta do. It ain't healthy to have no accidents." "But," said the Spectator, pursuing his newfound clue, "I suppose the danger in exhibiting performing animals isn't ordinarily very acute. They're trained to snarl, aren't they?" The man laughed a laugh of deep enjoyment. "Why, you don't have to teach 'em *that!* They do it just as natural. Look here." He held out a heavy hand. A deep twisted scar, angry-looking, hideous, seamed the back from thumb to first finger. "One of 'em got me there five

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weeks ago," he said, simply. "But I got away from him. I didn't have to stop the performance." The Spectator's look of blank amazement seemed to give him pleasure. "You didn't know I was a trainer, did you? I work a bunch of bad lions. Want to see 'em?" And he led the way toward a distant cage.

The Spectator trailed meekly after, trying to readjust his notions. This a lion-tamer! Plump, blond, and comfortable, with large, lazy-looking eyes, and a boyish, almost a girlish, mouth, he looked too easy-going to manage a restive Sunday-school class. A lion-tamer? "Why," he muttered, thinking aloud, "you look more like a tenor out of opera." Señor Tapito, for that was his name on the posters, looked up with a delighted smile. "That's one for you," he said. "I *was* a tenor, a church tenor, till I took to lion-taming. I just happened into this. When I was nineteen, I was walking along a pier in New York City one day when I met a lion. Sure thing; I'm not joshing. They was unloading a consignment of lions for Bostock and the stevedores dropped a cage and broke it, and this feller got loose. Well, when I see that lion, it didn't scare me any. I just thought, 'I could manage you.' I had a light cane, and I hit him with it and kep' him kind o' confused till they got the cage patched up and drove him in. When Mr. Bostock heard of it, he give me a job." He looked up with the delightful vanity of the urchin who says, "I kin swim. Kin you?" "I've got twelve lions. Only six here. But I can work a dozen when I've room."

The Spectator looked in at the tawny backs of the now placidly sleeping "bad lions," and remarked that he didn't want Tapito's job. "I like it," said the ex-tenor, easily. "It's interesting. I don't mind if I do get some scratches. I generally heal up pretty quick. I always did like animals." The Spectator couldn't help remarking that he didn't see how a fondness for animals could be compatible with a trade which involved thrashing them about. The trainer turned grave in a moment. "Don't you deceive yourself," said he. "I don't hurt those lions half so much as you think I do. When you hear my whip crack, you may know that the animal hasn't been hit; because if he's hit it don't make any sound. The crack of the whip is the only order most animals understand. But, you notice, I never touch an animal that will obey without the whip. You've got to take an animal as you find him. Now these"—indicating the sleeping beasts behind the bars—"are what we call untamable lions. You can't get any work out of them." "Too stupid?" hazarded the Spectator. "No," said the trainer, thoughtfully, rubbing a lion's back with the butt of his whip, "they're not stupid. Just ugly. Now this one-eyed feller—he knows his work, but you can't make him do it. Puts up just such a fight every time. He just won't *be* a trained lion, that's all." He smiled indulgently at the tawny beast as if excusing the failings of a spoiled child. The Spectator harked back to an ancient impression. "Won't your ugly lions soon get too tame to be interesting if you show them three times a day?" The tamer shook his head. "I don't think so. I've been showing 'em quite a while already and they're just as ugly as ever."

A dreadful fascination led the Spectator to recur to the question of risk. "Oh, well," said Tapito, ruminatively, "you never can tell. You never can tell about any animal. It's the nature of an animal to get a man if he can. You can train him and sometimes you can pet him; but he's liable to do you up in the end. Why, here a few nights ago it was awful hot and the animals was awful cross, and I wasn't feeling very well up to my work. I'd sent the lions out and the bad one was coming back for one more row, like he always does. And as I stepped back to avoid him, I tripped over a hurdle and went spinning head over heels. I thought sure he had me. It was the chance of his life. The band stopped too, and that ought to have been enough to do the trick. But when I got up, there was that lion standing there stock still, with his mouth open, too surprised to do a thing. He had never seen a man do a double-back somersault before. It was lucky for me. So, you see, you can never tell."

Somehow that little story of the stumble, so smilingly told, brought home to the Spectator, more sharply than all the hair-lifting tales of the press agents, the hideous risks these men run. He stayed, on invitation, to see Tapito's act in the ring, that act which, according to the handbills, "outrivals anything in the zoo-oo-logical world of the same nature. Par excellong!" And, having chatted affably with the ex-tenor and found what a modest, good fellow he was, and having seen that jagged seam across his powerful hand, the Spectator watched the ticklish brush between man and beast in a singularly unsettled state of mind. The one-eyed lion, that "just wouldn't *be* a trained lion, that's all," resisted tooth and nail at every stage of the game, and had to be driven into line with much cracking of the whip around his sullen jaws; but it was not till he was asked to jump a hurdle that things came fairly to a focus. Then Tapito drew a long breath, snatched up a kitchen chair for defense, and settled down to have it out with that lion. And every time the bad lion charged, every time his great paws snapped off a fresh section of chair, the Specta-

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tor's heart came inconveniently into his mouth. And when at last the trainer stood with only a legless fragment of his wooden shield, and the one-eyed lion, in his furious attempts to avoid the hurdle, was knocking down heavy pedestals as if they had been cardboard, the Spectator does not deny his blood ran cold. It ended according to programme in the surrender of the lion at the point of a blank-cartridge pistol. Snarling unspeakable things, the beast crawled over the hurdle, turned to demolish his tormentor, met the butt of the whip, and retired, discomfited, to his den. And this is what the ex-tenor calls "interesting"!

THE NEW BOOKS

Money Moon (The). By Jeffery Farnol. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25.

If you have read "The Broad Highway," and, it is hardly necessary to add, have enjoyed it, you will want to read Mr. Farnol's new story. Both stories have the same freshness, the same invigorating breath of the open road, the same pleasant background of English highways and hedges and meadows and orchards and farmsteads and woodlands, the same mellow humor, the same agreeable characters (yet not the same, of course, for the two stories tell of happenings a century or so apart in point of time). There are differences which may make you like "The Money Moon" the better—the story is simpler in outline and quieter in tone, there are no killings or other brutalities, and there is Small Porges. He is one of the most delightful small boys we have met on many a league of the open road, and his attractiveness is not abated by the fact that his name bears evidence of having been abstracted (with only the loss of an "i") from one of Mr. Kipling's "Just-So Stories." If you haven't read "The Broad Highway," you have two agreeable opportunities before you, for both Mr. Farnol's stories provide an ample measure of pleasant *divertissement*.

Innocence of Father Brown (The). By Gilbert K. Chesterton. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.30.

It is probably trite to say that Gilbert Keith Chesterton is the master of paradox. But the temptation is irresistible in the case of a man who, after using the paradox to excellent effect in the discussion of philosophy, orthodoxy, heresy, politics, men, women, and things in general, applies it successfully in the construction of detective stories. G. K. C. has performed this last feat in the volume before us. It is paradoxical enough to have a great thief turn into a great detective (though we must hasten to say that the reformed Flambeau, once *roi des Apaches* in Paris, acts in these stories the rôle, not of Sherlock Holmes, but of Dr. Watson). It is paradoxical enough to have great crimes which puzzle the most skillful among the police authorities solved by a little priest whose innocence is set down as his most distinguishing characteristic, and who on his first appearance is described as having "a face as round and dull as a Norfolk dumpling," and "eyes as empty as the North Sea," as not seeming to know "which was the right end of his return ticket," and as being one who "might have provoked pity in any one." But the mysteries which Father Brown encounters and explains are more paradoxical still. Each one of them on the face of it seems either an impossibility or the product of black magic. But when the little priest has given the clue, the explanation of each one seems as easy as lying. Father Brown's power is apparently a compound of shrewd common sense, a deep knowledge of human nature and the human soul, and a kind of mystic insight. These stories have a quality—a Chesterton quality—which quite differentiates them from the ordinary detective story. You may like the quality or you may not; if you want to feel convinced when you have finished such a story that you could have provided the solution yourself if you had only thought of it, you will perhaps not care for these. But they are vastly entertaining, for all that, and excellent specimens of literary craftsmanship at the same time. Which is in itself something of a paradox for detective stories.

John Temple. By Ralph Durand. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

This book will be welcomed by those who enjoy a well-constructed historical romance with the unusual setting of South Africa three and a half centuries ago. The actors are Portuguese explorers and conquerors with a central figure—John Temple, an Englishman. Much information is packed into the book, and, on the whole, is welded into the romance with skill.

Cecil Aldin's Happy Family. Told by May Brown. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $3.

A big book of delightfully humorous pictures, by one of the cleverest of English illustrators, portraying the adventures of Hungry Peter the Pig, Rufus the Cat, Humpty and Dumpty the Rabbits, Rags the Dog, Master Quack the Duckling, and Forager the Puppy. Each of the characters passes through his own series of vicissitudes, which are not only illustrated but described in a running commentary on the

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pictures in rhymed prose. We do not know of a better antidote for the comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper.

Lady from Oklahoma (The). By Elizabeth Jordan. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.

This is an amusing little comedy in four acts. It turns upon the wily machinations of a clever woman lobbyist in Washington, who almost succeeds in ruining a Western Senator by cajoling him into indorsing the schemes which she and other politicians are working for spoils. Her plans are thwarted by the plain wife of the Senator, aided by beauty specialists and honest politicians. The play moves vivaciously, and gives opportunity to display a variety of characters. Incidentally, the theory of the private influence of women is developed.

Child's Book of Stories. Selected and Arranged by Penrhyn W. Coussons. Duffield & Co., New York. $3.

A square, fat volume, printed in fine big type, containing eighty-six of the most famous and most beloved stories for children—from the "Arabian Nights," Æsop, Grimm, Perrault, Andersen, and other sources, named and anonymous. The volume would be a delightful form in which to have these old favorites even if it were not for the splendid colored illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith. The child is to be envied who first becomes acquainted with Haensel and Gretel, Jack of the Beanstalk, Goldilocks, and Red Riding Hood (to say nothing of the wolf) through Miss Willcox's inspired brush.

Gulliver's Travels. By Jonathan Swift. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

An excellent edition, adapted for the young, of the travels of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver to the lands of the Lilliputians, the Brobdingnagians, the Laputans, and the Houyhnhnms. The volume is well printed, attractively bound, and thoroughly illustrated to admirable effect, several of the pictures being printed in color.

Guidebook to Colorado (A). By Eugene Parsons. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Visitors to Colorado ought to know that at last a comprehensive guide to that State has been published. In Mr. Eugene Parsons's book we have a very instructive account. Each county is described in detail and with apparent thoroughness. The book is well illustrated.

Broadway. By J. B. Kerfoot. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2. Large paper limited edition, $10.

Two impressionists, not to use the term in too restricted a sense, have collaborated to produce this volume descriptive of what many Americans would probably claim and most New Yorkers would undoubtedly admit is the greatest or at least the most interesting street in the world. Mr. Lester G. Hornby, an American etcher, in a series of forty-three charming and atmospheric pencil drawings, has depicted the varying aspects, architectural and human, of Broadway from Bowling Green to the Yonkers line. Mr. J. B. Kerfoot, the literary critic of "Life," has accompanied the drawings with a discursive, humorous, and atmospheric essay on what we may perhaps call the personality of Broadway. The volume is a fine example of that kind of artistic book-making in which the Riverside Press is unsurpassed in this country. The large paper edition in particular will afford especial satisfaction to the lover of fine printing.

Florence and Her Treasures. By Herbert Vaughan. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

This book is to be recommended. It will be found useful by those who wish to get their information in a quick and practical way.

Reminiscences of an Army Nurse during the Civil War. By Adelaide W. Smith. Greaves Publishing Company, New York. $1.50, net.

The comic as well as the pathetic side of war is well set forth in these vivid pictures of life in the camp and hospital. A strong personality is required for successful work at the front in war time, in either soldier or nurse, and Miss Smith evidently possessed this desideratum, to the advantage of many of our wounded "boys" whose stories are told in the pages of her book.

The Empresses of Rome. By Joseph McCabe. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $4.

A handsome and well-illustrated volume by Mr. Joseph McCabe, "The Empresses of Rome," conducts the reader from the first century to near the end of the fifth through many a chamber of horrors. Over most of its characters charity would prefer to cast the cloak of oblivion. The impression often left is that which an intoxicated Helot was intended to give to Spartan youths. The flowing narrative, in an easy literary style, accepts too readily the accounts of Roman annalists, without the allowances made by such critics as Renan and Ferrero.

Belgians at Home (The). By Clive Holland. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.50.

Mr. Clive Holland, who has already written informative books on various countries, has chosen "The Belgians at Home" as the title of his latest volume. In one respect the title may seem slightly misleading. We may think that the book treats only of the present-day country life of Belgium, and this is true in the main. But the scope is somewhat wider. Mr. Holland also goes back to earlier times and describes Flanders and the old Spanish Netherlands as a background for present conditions. The book leaves the reader with the impression that its author is thoroughly familiar with his subject. The value of the text is heightened by the illustrations in color from drawings by Mr. Douglas Snowden and also by illustrations from photographs by the author.

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BY THE WAY

An English paper tells of an experiment in collective housekeeping in what is known as Brent Garden Village. The dwelling-houses contain all improvements except a kitchen. Meals for everybody are cooked at a central hall, and may either be eaten there or sent home. A four-course dinner costs only one shilling and sixpence. Servants are supplied, when needed, from the central hall at a cost of about ten cents an hour.

Eugene Field, asked for the best ten books for young people under sixteen years of age, is said to have given this list: "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," Andersen's Fairy Tales, Grimm's Fairy Tales, "Scottish Chiefs," "Black Beauty," "The Arabian Nights," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Tom Brown's School Days" for boys, or, for girls, "Little Women." Did modesty forbid him, as a poet, from including any collection of verse?

Despite the many tunnels that now connect Manhattan Island with the adjacent shores, the building of bridges has not ceased. What is described as the world's heaviest bridge is now under construction across Hell Gate, from Long Island to the Bronx. One hundred thousand tons of steel will be required in building it, and it will have an arch 3,000 feet long, which will rise 300 feet above the water.

From the time of Herbert Spencer's trip to America visitors have been saying that Americans are too high-strung. One of the latest critics, a German traveler, says: "People here don't seem to know how to take life in any way but with a lot of worries. Everybody's nerves seem strung to their highest tension. In Europe we do not exhaust our energy all at once over anything, but we finally arrive, and we manage to enjoy life on the way." The trouble is, the critics often judge everything by the business activity which to a traveler is the obvious side of American life. In our hours of ease most of us know how to relax.

That the truck automobile is steadily gaining popularity is seen in the announcement that at the annual show in Madison Square Garden, New York City, to be held next month, thirty-one different manufacturers will exhibit motor trucks, with a carrying capacity ranging from six hundred pounds to ten tons.

A tower that will rival the Eiffel Tower of Paris is to be erected at San Francisco for the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915. It will be 850 feet in height, with a base 129 feet high, making a total height of 979 feet.

William H. Maxwell, Superintendent of the New York City public schools, gives this illustration of the complexity of English orthography: "The sound of long o is represented in thirteen different ways: So, boat, roe, oh, door, soul, though, low, owe, yeoman, sew, hautboy, beau." He urges colleges and universities to unite in reforming our spelling. But any change must be popularized; and to this end this suggestion has been made: Get the newspapers and magazines to agree to adopt a simpler spelling of, say, twenty-five words on January 1, 1913; twenty-five more on January 1, 1914, and so on; the pledge not to be binding unless a majority is secured.

For being made a hero against his will, Jack Binns, the wireless operator who distinguished himself in the collision between the Republic and the Florida in 1909, has been awarded a judgment of $12,500 against a moving picture company that used his name in cinematograph representations of the wreck. This verdict, says the court, is in conformity with "a new statute designed to protect important personal rights of privacy."

An agricultural exchange, speaking of the necessity of careful oversight of the poultry yard, says that even fresh-laid eggs are not always of agreeable flavor. If the hens are not supplied with pure, fresh water regularly, the eggs will be "tainted." The water should also be cool; "sun-warmed water is very injurious to the birds." Thin egg-shells must be avoided by giving lime to the fowls, and for this purpose old crockery broken into bits is recommended as an ideal food. We hope that the enthusiastic amateur will not think it necessary to better this instruction by providing ice-water for his hens and breaking up the table china for their consumption.

Massachusetts is believed to lead all the States in its percentage of motor propelled vehicles. More than one-third of its vehicles are motor-driven, according to a report of the State Commissioner. On some of the roads near Boston automobiles furnish more than 60 per cent of the traffic, and during last summer 90 per cent of the vehicles using one of the leading State roads were of the motor car variety.

A notable example of honesty was reported in the New York City papers recently. While one honest man was walking on Broadway a ten-dollar bill was blown into his face. He promptly turned the bill over to another honest man, a policeman. The police tried to find the owner. Here the tale of the honest men ends and that of the dishonest ones begins. It is said that more than a score of persons applied for the bill, each claiming to have lost it! The rightful owner finally proved his case, and to him the money was restored.

Miss Jane Addams and Miss Agnes Repplier took opposing sides recently in a discussion as to stage children. Miss Repplier's argument was outlined in her question, "Have we a right to deny to the exceptional child the exceptional opportunity?" Miss Addams's position was, briefly, that the bad influence on child actors of theaters of inferior grade is such that the entire prohibition of the employment of children on the stage is the only safe course.

An esteemed correspondent writes: "Please print the following in The Outlook. Hat-pins are very dangerous to eyesight and are the cause of much suffering. For the sake of safety, no hat-pin should be worn without a guard Please give some suggestion as to how the danger may be done away with." Alas! when lovely woman stoops to folly, what art can wash her guilt away? Hobble skirts, high-heeled shoes, rats, egrets, hat-pins—they all belong to the same brood, and the only remedy, we fear, is the process of the suns, which will eventually make fashion coincide with sense. Until then, the suggestion of a guard for the pin is one that the considerate woman will adopt.

Akin to Hamlet's grief in reflecting on Yorick's palmy days must be the emotions of the baseball "fan" who reads that the one-time idol of the bleachers, the mighty Captain Anson, of Chicago, is this season doing a turn on the vaudeville stage!

A writer in the "Biblical World," speaking of "The Minister and the Boy," says: "To behold in the boy a rough summary of the past, and to be able to capitalize for good the successive instincts as they emerge, is to accomplish a fine piece of missionary work without leaving home. . . . The fire-worshiper, the fierce tribesman, the savage hunter, the religion-making nomad, the daring pirate, the elemental fighter with nature and rival of every kind, the master of the world in making, comes before you in the unfolding life of the ordinary boy. . . . He is an abridged volume on ethnology."

A large and swift motor boat is to be used by the Department of Commerce and Labor for the overhauling and inspection of the "oyster fleet" of Chesapeake Bay, in order to put a stop to "shanghaiing" and other abuses which the Department has determined to uproot. The revenue cutters which have heretofore been at the disposal of the Department for this purpose have been unable to follow the offending oyster boats into the shallow creeks and shore waters in which they take refuge from pursuers.

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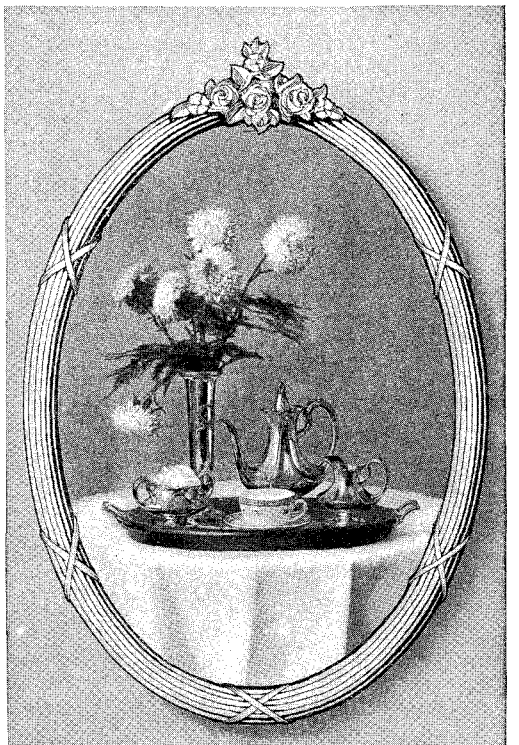

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Art and the Average Man

John W. Alexander's aim in portraiture is to paint the good and true wherever he finds them, and to add the beautiful whenever possible. Mr. Alexander knows art—and he knows life also. This is why what he has to say about "Art and the Average Man" is of vivid interest to Americans everywhere whether they are skilled in art technique or not. These opinions will appear in an early issue of The Outlook and will be illustrated with fine reproductions of some of the best work of foremost American painters.

Life Stories of the Other Half

Jacob A. Riis is writing for The Outlook a new serial to follow his famous "Children of the Tenements." It will be made up of human sketches—of lives that have touched his—comedies and tragedies—all true—in the "mean streets" of New York. Few men can write of these things with the intimate knowledge that Mr. Riis does. His "How the Other Half Lives" is a classic of the life of the poor in a great city.

The Outlook

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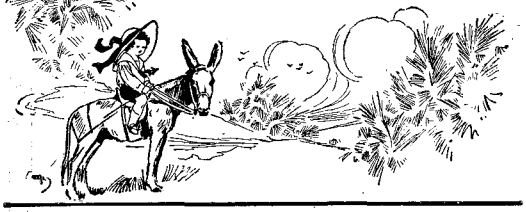

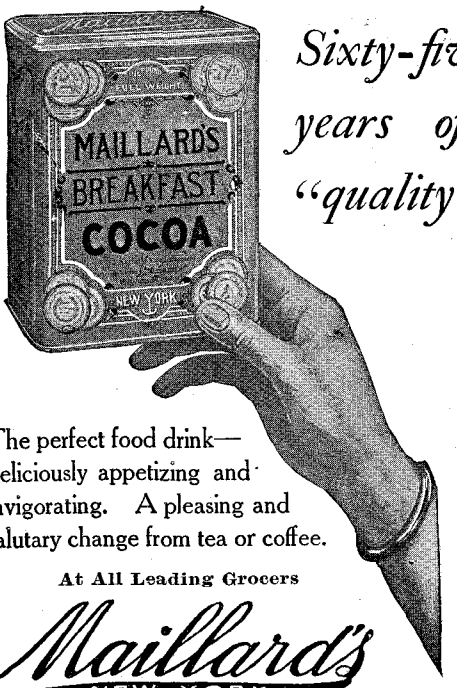

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Please send me particulars regarding ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Name _____

Outlook **Age** _____ **Address** _____

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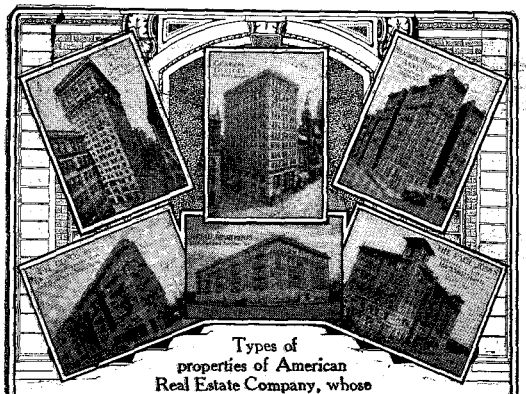

Types of properties of American Real Estate Company, whose Assets include 60 Buildings and 4,500 City Lots; total value over $23,000,000

ON the ownership of these extensive New York holdings are based its 6% Gold Bonds. These Bonds are adaptable

FOR INVESTING JANUARY FUNDS

¶ They are issued in these two forms:

6% Coupon Bonds—For those who wish to invest $100, $200, $300, $400, $500, $1,000, etc., earning 6% interest (from exact date of purchase) payable semi-annually by coupons attached. These Bonds afford an ideal investment for large or small amounts, and provide a number of conveniences.

6% Accumulative Bonds—For those who wish to accumulate $1,000 and upward by investing $25 or more a year. They pay 6% compound interest on annual instalments, and provide the safest, most practical means for accumulating definite capital at a given time.

THE BEST NEW YEAR'S HABIT you can form is to start saving money systematically and thus provide a competency for your future. Just note the possibilities of systematic savings invested in A-R-E 6% Accumulative Bonds:

Annual Instalment	*Term*	*Matures in Cash*
$25.65	20 Years	$1,000
40.53	15 Years	1,000
71.57	10 Years	1,000

¶ A-R-E 6s have paid 6% for 24 years, returning to investors nearly $8,000,000 in principal and interest without loss or delay.

¶ Write to-day for booklet describing A-R-E 6s, and handsome book of views of New York City, free.

American Real Estate Company

Capital and Surplus, $2,011,247.80

Assets $23,026,889.67

Founded 1888

A-R-E SIX'S

Room 505 527 Fifth Avenue New York

A Presidential Year

Always means political unrest and some fluctuation in security values. So this year keep some of your funds invested in

5% M. C. TRUST CERTIFICATES

They are issuable in

Optional maturities from 30 days—1 year — **Denominations of $100**

They never fluctuate in value like bonds or stock because they are convertible into cash *at par* at any date you specify. Small amounts are payable on demand.

$50,000,000 has been invested with us by more than three hundred banks and many private investors without loss.

Write for our monthly magazine, **"Working Dollars."** It is free to all who are interested in investments.

Manufacturers Commercial Company

299 Broadway New York City

GUARANTEED MORTGAGES

YIELDING **5% to 5½%** NET

FOR LARGE AND SMALL **Investors**

You need not be a capitalist to enjoy the solid advantages of security and income of investing your funds in such sums as you can conveniently spare from time to time in mortgages or

FIRST MORTGAGE TRUST BONDS

On New York and Suburban Real Estate

yielding 5% to 5½% net, payment of both interest and principal guaranteed by this company.

Payments of $10 to $100 will begin your ownership and income of these trust bonds which are secured by first mortgages deposited with the Windsor Trust Company of New York for the Bond-holder's protection.

Issued in amounts of $100 and multiples thereof, cashable at holder's option upon short notice, interest beginning at once and payable semi-annually.

Under Supervision of New York Banking Dept.

Our booklet with full particulars sent upon request. Address

NEW YORK MORTGAGE CO.

Dept. B, 1475 Broadway, New York City

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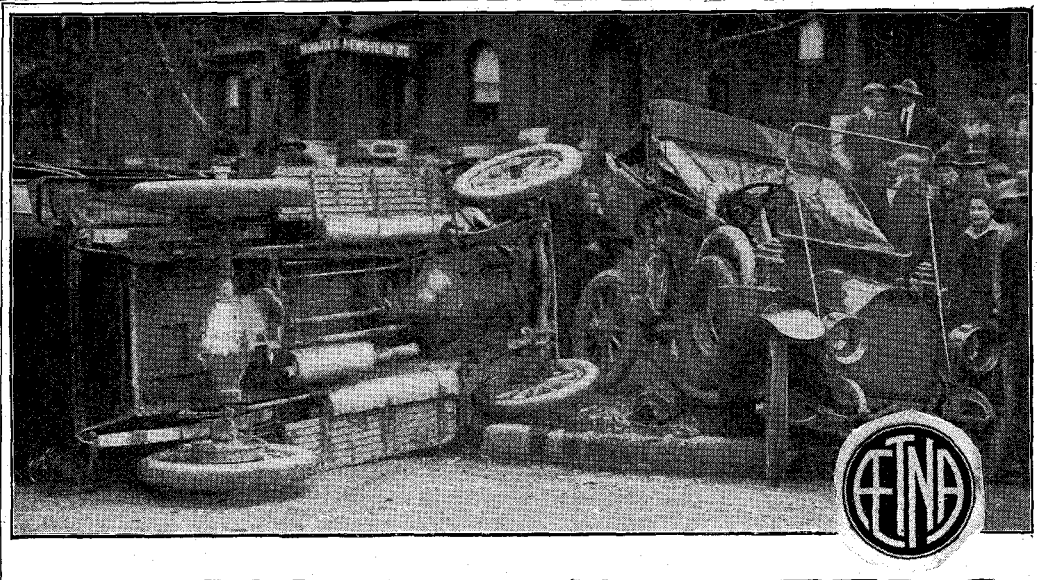

Are YOU ÆTNA-IZED?

Over 100,000 Accident Claims Paid by the Ætna Life Insurance Company

Railroad, Street car and Steamboat	31,634	$2,613,145.98
Falls on pavement, stairs, etc	20,624	1,475,359.86
Horse and carriage	8,705	751,565.66
Automobile	**2,362**	**519,949.76**
Fire Arms	628	392,751.23
Bathing or drowning	737	288,932.39
Burns or scalds	3,257	273,456.69
Bicycle	2,835	192,489.50
Septic wounds (blood poisoning)	2,021	177,811.91
Athletic sports	3,201	154,482.82
Falling of heavy weights	2,957	149,407.97
Cuts with edged tools or glass	5,030	139,035.36
Fingers crushed	4,503	120,144.73
Eye injuries	2,281	108,541.76
Elevator	320	89,420.29
Machinery	1,653	70,903.84
Assaults	434	52,998.86
Toes crushed	1,577	50,418.01
Stepping on nails or glass	1,668	45,647.52
House accidents (contact with furniture)	483	45,285.66
Hands lacerated on hooks, nails, etc	1,465	41,162.50
Bites by dogs or insects	783	31,973.20
Tripped over mats or rugs	237	19,514.54
Splinters in hands or feet	508	18,284.70
Motor boats	147	10,505.47
Fingers caught in electric fans	147	6,892.06
Miscellaneous accidents	7,803	476,365.40
Total	108,000	$8,316,447.67

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY DEPARTMENT — HARTFORD, CONN.

Send me information about Accident Insurance

Name_____

Address _____

Age_____ Occupation _____

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Small Investors

Will be interested in our partial payment plan by which stocks and bonds are controlled by the investor after the first payment. We make a specialty of odd lots, executing orders for one share or upward, or carrying ten shares or upward on margin. Investors will be interested in our compact manual of 240 pages showing reliable statistics of railroad and industrial corporations. This we are glad to send on request—also our special weekly letter on the market giving at a glance the movements for the week.

ALEXANDER & CO.

Members { New York Stock Exchange / New York Cotton Exchange

41 Wall Street, New York

Stock and Bond Orders Executed for Cash or Carried on Margin

Dominick & Dominick

Established 1870

Members of New York Stock Exchange

115 Broadway, New York, N. Y. — **333 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.**

We offer, to pay nearly 5%, the Sinking Fund Bond of an industrial company the net earnings of which are ten times the annual interest charges, and the market value of whose stocks is over $36,000,000. It is the only debt of the company.

Circular on application

Conservatism—Indecision

Often one considers himself conservative when in fact he lacks the faculty of quick decision. Usually indecision in making investments comes from lack of knowledge of securities, the properties behind them and their prospects.

For those who do not make the investment of their money a business and who need advice and information, we are in position to furnish both. As brokers we make the investing of money for our clients our sole business. We are conservative, yet we do not lack the knowledge of all legitimate business propositions seeking capital, necessary for us to make decisions quickly. We furnish our clients with evidence sufficient to back up our opinions. When you have money to invest, write or call and see us. We want your business.

CHISHOLM & CHAPMAN

Members New York Stock Exchange

Empire Bldg., 71 Broadway — **New York**

There is No Good Reason Why You Should Accept Less Earnings on Your Investments than this Company Pays.

We have paid our depositors 5% a year every year for the past eighteen years, these profits amounting now to more than One Million Dollars.

Safety? Our Company is under the supervision of the New York Banking Department and its assets now exceed $2,500,000. Its record as a public Savings Institution is open to all.

Your funds in our care are safeguarded by the best known security—selected mortgages on New York and suburban real estate.

Many of our patrons do business with us by mail, and we invite you to do likewise. Practically speaking, you are as near to us as to your nearest mail box.

Deposit any time, withdraw any time desired on short notice, receive full earnings for all of the time.

Write for Booklet

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.

10 Times Bldg., Broadway & 42d St., New York

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. NEW YORK CITY

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